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THE HONORABLE CRIMSON TREE



ANITA B. FERRIS

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"THEY SAY HIS EXCELLENCY COMES AT NIGHTFALL FROM A ROCKY CAVE"

THE HONORABLE CRIMSON TREE

and other TALES OF CHINA

A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY
ANITA B. FERRIS

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TRANSFER FROM C. U.

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PREFACE

All Junior boys and girls know that we have a sister republic across the Pacific. She is a young sister, but a very big one, and one which will some day be great and powerful. How soon that glorious day will arrive for Chinese boys and girls, will depend considerably, we have been told, upon how often boys and girls in this country act as neighbors to them. This is true; but perhaps we have not learned how much Chinese boys and girls are themselves doing to make their country strong and good.

The stories in this book are fiction, but they are within the possibilities, for many things which are new even to us, in as old a republic as the United States, are already being tried in China. In Shanghai, Canton, Peking, and many other cities there are enthusiastic troops of Chinese Boy Scouts. Boys and girls of the Chinese Christian churches, and of the Mission schools also, are helping with village sanitation and town betterment, just as you are beginning work of this kind in our own coun-

try. Arbor Day is being celebrated in many parts of the great republic, for trees form one of China's great needs.

One of the big new subjects of study in the Mission schools is Agriculture; and just as in our rural schools boys test seeds and soils and form Corn Clubs, so they are beginning to do these same things in some of the villages and towns of our sister republic across the Pacific.

In Chinese Christian universities, and in government universities now, Chinese young men are to-day learning to become teachers of Agriculture and are being graduated in Forestry and Engineering in order to serve their great country.

We ought to feel happy and proud to know that it has been the Christian teachers of this country and other Christian countries who have so largely taught Chinese boys and girls, and Chinese men and women, how to help themselves.

The first three of these Chinese stories are about boys and girls in the southern province of Fu-kien, where there are many trees, beautiful tropical foliage, and jungle animals; the next four are stories of boys and girls in north-

ern and western Honan; and the last tale is about a famous boys' school in the province of Chiang-Su. China is such a big land that the southern part of the country differs even more from the bare, treeless, north-central portion than Florida differs from North Dakota.

But China is not only a big country, it has almost five times as many people in it as there are in the United States. Chinese boys and girls have much to do and many great big difficulties to solve, such as ignorance, superstition and dire poverty, every one of them the result of centuries of complete isolation from other countries. They will, however, triumph over them all in the end, because there is a new spirit just beginning to stir them—just beginning to stretch and waken in their hearts—the spirit of true patriotism. And boys and girls in this country and in other Christian countries have learned, during the past four years, that the glorious spirit of patriotism can accomplish anything it undertakes.

ANITA B. FERRIS.

Upper Montclair, N. J.
February 17, 1919.

I

THE TIGER HUNT

The people of the little Fu-kien village of Sung-Tao in China pressed close about the Widow Wu's dead pig.

Ho, a school boy, pointed an inquiring finger downward. "See!" he exclaimed, "there are no wounds upon the pig except the deep fang marks in his throat."

"Stupid boy!" explained one of the perspiring men who had helped carry the pig down the hillside in the hot summer sun. "When His Excellency the tiger[1] carries off an animal of that size, he always flings it over his back and gallops away at top speed. He does not drag it. You have no more sense than a hen."

The people fell silent for a moment, gazing gloomily at the pig. Wu Chen,[2] the widow's only son, sullenly kicked the dust over one of

[1] The Chinese seek to curry favor with dangerous wild beasts by giving them titles of great respect.

[2] In China the surname has the first place, and the people say Smith John instead of John Smith.

the pig's hoofs with his bare toes. From within the Wus' mud hut came the low moan of Chen's mother, who had reviled His Excellency for carrying off her one pig until she fell down exhausted and had to be carried into the house and laid upon her bed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Lee, the richest farmer of the village. "Every week His Excellency robs us of something. Week before last it was a dog; last week he killed my heifer in the rice field, and this week he is bolder than ever and carries off the pig from the Widow Wu's yard, dropping him only after our much clamor in pursuit. Next week"—he broke off, staring into the frightened faces of the men and women about him and ended in a whisper—"it will be somebody's *son* dragged from the kitchen as he did at the town of the Three Brothers."

"Make another offering before the village god," wailed a woman.

"We have spent many cash[1] in offerings already," answered Chang, the village elder.

"How can we fight against the demons?" demanded Ho's mother. "You should have

[1] A cash is a Chinese coin worth one fifth of a cent.

given him the pig. Then he might have spared our sons. And now the Widow Wu has no doubt stirred his wrath deeply by her wicked reviling. I can almost see him in his home far up on the hillside. They say His Excellency comes at nightfall from a rocky cave, seeking food. Oh, what can we do!" she exclaimed, looking timorously at her neighbors.

"We might kill him," ventured Su, a bold young man who had once visited Foochow city.

"Hah! But what with?" asked a bystander.

"There is my father's gun," began Chen.

The man seemed not to notice, but continued, "Have we a gun or a spear or a knife to kill *tigers?*"

"Sh-h," whispered the crowd, hurriedly glancing over their shoulders toward the hill where the evening shadows were beginning to creep upward.

"No village has ever done such a thing in my day," declared Elder Chang solemnly. "There is only one thing for us to do, and that is to call the foreign teacher who tells of the Jesus religion to come and rid us of His Excellency. I am told he has a wonderful gun and his aim is true." The speaker glanced

quickly about from under his broad straw hat to note the effect of his suggestion.

Slowly the men around him nodded.

But Farmer Lee spoke softly. "Suppose the teacher will not come? Once, you remember, we stoned him from our village. We did not wish to listen to his foreign doctrine."

"That was before the tiger troubled us," blandly explained Mr. Wang, whose son Ho listened, wide-eyed, to all that had been said.

"They say these foreign-doctrine teachers forget quickly," suggested Su, "they are so eager to enter our villages."

"How do we know he could kill our tiger if he comes?" asked Chen.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Ho's mother.

"Has he not already saved six villages?" replied Elder Chang, holding up that many fingers of his hands. "He has a gun which is foreign magic. Always it kills."

"But why does this foreign teacher kill tigers? Do the villagers pay him great sums for doing it?" asked Mr. Wang.

"They pay him nothing at all," declared Elder Chang triumphantly. "You'll see it will be much cheaper than making further offer-

ings to the village idol," he added thriftily.

"Then I say we send for him!" exclaimed Farmer Lee.

"Aye!" assented the others.

"Who is the swiftest runner among us?"

Su stepped forward.

"Run to the city of Fu-tsing, where this foreign teacher lives, tell him of our trouble, and beg him to come in all haste," ordered Elder Chang.

"Yes, yes," added Ho's mother, coming close to Su. "And tell him I—I will burn incense before any god if he will save my son from—*from His Excellency*," she ended in a whisper.

It was late afternoon of the following day. Cautiously two lads crept along in the deep shadow of the temple wall. Ho peeped around the corner. "Hurry, Chen," he whispered, "if we are to get ahead of the foreign teacher. I heard Elder Chang say he would be here this afternoon."

Chen grunted, and digging swiftly into the soft earth, laid bare a long object wrapped in blue cloth. Quickly he unwrapped it.

"Oh," whispered Ho, "did your father really kill many men with that gun?"

"Of course," answered Chen. "He killed numbers of men in the Boxer War and also in the war for the Republic. I had to hide it here so mother would not know what we did."

"Is it loaded?" asked Ho, fearfully.

"Of course," replied Chen. "It has a fine charge of bits of iron I found, and rock, and I rammed down firecracker powder on top. It will just kill anything! It's as good as any foreigner's gun."

"How are you—how are we going to kill the tiger?" asked Ho timidly.

"We'll just creep up the trail and hide close to the den and wait for him to come out."

"Would you *dare?*" asked Ho.

"Why not?" replied Chen, with a show of courage.

"But—but we're only boys!" stammered Ho. "Elder Chang wouldn't do it, nor the other men. The tiger may really be an evil spirit."

"Well, I'm not afraid—with this gun," answered Chen boldly, although his heart was beating hard. "And I think if we kill him we

can eat as much of his flesh as we please. We will become so strong and fierce that we can go all over the country and kill many tigers, and the villagers will not need this foreign devil's gun any more than they need his religion."

"It would be fine to be so strong," admitted Ho, "but—please don't go, Chen!"

"If you are so afraid, you stay home," replied Chen, tartly.

"But suppose," hesitated Ho, "you see him come right out walking toward you, lifting his big head, and looking this way and that—he killed a boy, you know, at Three Brothers. He is so big, Chen. His Excellency is as big as a buffalo cow. Your mother, who saw him yesterday, said so."

"Well," replied Chen, "haven't we the *gun*, I tell you? If it killed men, won't it kill a tiger? And if we kill him we will be greater than Elder Chang in the village. And this foreigner will come riding in on his donkey and we will bow and say, 'Honorable Foreign Child, why have you come? The tiger is dead!' "

But Ho was still unconvinced. "Don't go, Chen," he urged.

"But I *will* go," said Chen. "Stay home, if you wish to!" and he started off in the shadow of the temple.

Ho stood irresolutely and watched him go.

The sun was still shining brightly. Chen looked up at it to gain confidence as he trudged along. His Excellency *never* came out till sunset.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the grass behind him; Chen's heart somehow choked him and then stood still. With a jerk he turned and looked behind him. There was Ho!

"Chen," whispered loyal Ho, "I couldn't let you go alone. Perhaps he won't attack if there are two of us together."

Chen smiled in relief. "Oh, we're all right," he said easily. "We'll just stop and wait in the grass a bit farther on. His Excellency always sleeps in the sunshine."

It was not very much farther that the boys went before they settled themselves carefully in the tall grass. Their blue cotton coats clung to them, wet with perspiration. Chen's gun lay across his knees, but soon it grew so heavy that he laid it down beside him. There was not a sound except their whispers.

Lower and lower sank the sun. A swarm of mosquitoes rose from the tall grass and stung them.

"Do you suppose he'll come now?" asked Ho. "Is your gun cocked?"

"It's all right," answered Chen. "And see? It's pointing out toward the trail. I—I couldn't miss him."

"Maybe he won't come to-day. He doesn't come out every day."

"Maybe he won't," assented Chen. "It's getting late. I don't believe he's coming."

The shadows lay dark on the grass. Somewhere a goat bleated in fright.

"Some goat must have strayed out into the fields," wondered Ho. "Don't you think we'd better go, Chen?"

"It's a shame to miss shooting His Excellency," replied his companion grandly, "but if he is frightened away of course we can't help it. I suppose we might as well get out of here."

Both boys rose to their feet. There was a sudden deep snarl behind them. Chen's finger convulsively pressed the trigger as he was hurled to the ground, and his gun exploded into the path.

"Help!" choked Ho. "Help!" There was an answering shout, and then something knocked Ho's breath out of his body.

At that moment the head of the strange missionary rose abruptly above the grass, twenty yards away. A glance revealed the desperate situation.

"Whew!" whispered the missionary grimly. "He liked 'boy' better than the goat with which I tried to tempt him out of his den."

The stranger knelt, his rifle pressing his cheek firmly as the tiger sprang away from Ho, and the big black and yellow head lifted, with Chen's shoulder gripped between its jaws.

"A poor chance for a shot!" he breathed, "I might hit the boy instead." Jumping to his feet, the missionary yelled with all his might. His Chinese companion, near by, joined in the shout, and farther down the hillside Chang and Lee answered it.

The tiger tossed the boy's body lightly aside and sprang for the bushes. There was a sharp crack of the missionary's high-power rifle and the tiger sank, struggling convulsively, to the earth. Another shot, and the men and boys of the village, who had collected



Courtesy, World Outlook.

THE BIG TIGER AS IT APPEARED WHEN MOUNTED

on hearing the rifle, ran forward shouting in triumph, madly tearing their clothes into strips as they went.

For would not a piece of cloth soaked in tiger blood prevent one from ever having smallpox and a dozen other ills?

Slowly and weakly Chen opened his eyes and looked straight into the kind face of the missionary. "Did—I—kill—the tiger?" he asked faintly.

Smilingly Mr. Scott shook his head. "It is too bad," he said, "but the tiger jumped too soon. You see in a tiger hunt it is always possible that the tiger may hunt the hunter."

"Did—*you*—kill—him?"

"Yes, he's dead," replied Mr. Scott cheerfully.

A spasm of pain twisted Chen's face for a moment. "Have—you—eaten—much tiger?" he asked in a whisper.

"Never tasted a bit," declared Mr. Scott, "but I think I'll have this tiger mounted, to show the boys at the hospital."

"It must be—the foreign—religion, then—" and with a puzzled frown Chen's eyes closed.

II

A NEW DOCTOR FOR CHINA

It was days later that Dr. Leonard gently fastened the last safety pin in the many bandages across Chen's shoulder, and tied the sling in place.

"There, my man," he explained, "to-morrow you may walk out in the garden. You're coming on finely, in spite of the chewing that tiger gave you a month ago."

In Chen's mouth was the little slender glass "pencil" which the nurse had placed there every day, to tell whether he had fever or not. Chen was sure it was some magic very precious to the doctor, because he and the nurse handled it so gently, and the boy had heard the doctor say there were only "two left." Grasping this little pencil firmly in his teeth, Chen pulled sharply downward with his well hand. The pencil snapped sharply.

With the cry, "Spit it out! It is poison!" the doctor slapped Chen sharply on the back

of the neck, and the little glass pencil flew out of his mouth.

"Thank heaven, the mercury did not come out of the tube!" exclaimed the nurse, examining the glass.

"Open your mouth!" commanded the doctor. "No, he's all right," he added to the nurse. "Why, boy, you might have killed yourself. That little silver mass inside the glass is deadly poison. It cannot hurt you through the glass, but it would kill you if you swallowed it."

"That was a narrow escape, Chen," added the nurse, "but what made you break it?"

Chen, however, would not reply. He only frowned and looked out of the window.

With a gentle sigh at the sight of that familiar frown, the nurse passed on with the doctor.

"And they never reviled!" said Chen to himself in astonishment, as he gazed out of the window. Was it the foreign religion here too, which made them different—that foreign religion which Chen had told himself no Chinese boy wanted any more than he wanted these strange foreign teachers in his village.



"A CLEAN, CHEERFUL ROOM IN A CERTAIN SMALL MISSION HOSPITAL"

If only they had reviled once, Chen could go home and laugh at these "foreign children" who, after all, were no different from other men.

Chen had waked up early on the morning after his encounter with the tiger, with great pain in his arm and shoulder, to find himself in a clean, cheerful room in a certain small Mission hospital in South China. He had been carried there on a queer, swinging stretcher, borne by two sturdy men. Already his broken arm had been set, his dislocated shoulder put in place, and the ugly wounds made by the teeth of the tiger carefully dressed, and here were the kind nurse and the doctor bending over him. Gently the nurse told him that Ho, his chum, had been injured by the tiger and was there also, and Mrs. Wang, Ho's mother, had come along to the hospital to keep them company, and to see that all was well with the boys.

"But how did *I* come here?" asked Chen weakly.

"The missionary with the gun who killed the ugly tiger told your mother that only here could your arm be made well, so you could use

it again. Your mother trusted the foreign teacher, because he had saved your life, and so she said you might come."

And then Chen remembered the tiger hunt, and how it was the foreign teacher after all who had killed the tiger, and now here were other foreigners who all the patients seemed to think very wonderful persons.

Bah, they didn't know how to cure patients! They didn't burn them with hot irons, and thus drive out once and for all the demons which caused their illness; nor did they know how to stick needles into them so as to cure sores. But strange to relate, as Chen watched the men and boys around him, he saw that they did, after all, get better and better every day. And—well, it was a pleasanter way of being cured than by the old Chinese method. Chen had to admit to himself that *he* wouldn't have liked the hot irons and the needles!

And then, as day after day passed, the boy found himself more and more interested in what the strange doctor did, in the splints he put on and took off of Chen's own arm, in the way he dressed burns, and how he removed the stitches from the scalp of the old man, his

neighbor on the left, who had been wounded in a fight with bandits. The boy watched and watched until his fingers fairly tingled to do the thing himself. But whenever the doctor turned to smile at him, there was Chen's dark frown ready to hide all the interest he felt.

"Tap-tap," came Ho's crutch down the ward. Chen was so busy trying to think of a possible reason why the doctor and nurse had not reviled him for breaking their beautiful glass pencil that he heard nothing. Ho plumped down, panting, on a chair beside Chen.

"What do you think!" he exclaimed. "The foreign doctor says I may stay here and take care of the new cow instead of having to go home right away, because now I can walk about. He will pay me also, besides my board." Ho's eyes sparkled.

"Humph!" grunted Chen. "I would go home, if I were you." Still he gazed enviously at Ho.

"Oh, but you ought to see the cow, Chen. She has little bits of horns, and she does not look very strong and she is sort of deformed—not at all like the big cows we plow with. You

would die laughing to see what a sight she is, but she gives five times as much milk as any cow I ever saw! It's wonderful the way this foreign—"

"There you go again," interrupted Chen, angrily. "Foreign, foreign, foreign! What do *we* want of the foreign devil cow?"

"But—but these foreign teachers are our friends," remonstrated Ho, "and Dr. Leonard says he hopes the farmers around here will raise cows like his because they give so much more milk."

"Well, *I don't* hope so," snapped Chen.

"Dr. Leonard says milk is good for babies and sick people, and this cow helps very much with the hospital."

But Chen turned away crossly. Ho fidgeted on his chair. He had thought it would be such fun to tell Chen about the strange cow and her calf, and here was Chen not interested at all.

"My mother," began Ho again, "says the foreign teacher who killed the tiger has come often to our village. Elder Chang lets him come now, even if he did not have the good fortune to be born in our magnificent country.

My mother says his words about the loving God are good—"

"Humph!" commented Chen, still frowning.

"Well, I must go," concluded Ho. His friend was so unpleasant that he did not care to talk to him any longer. Besides, he had caught a glimpse in the courtyard of the boy who tended the garden of strange vegetables belonging to the missionary doctor. They would go together and look at the new cow and her calf.

Enviously Chen watched the two blue-clad boys go chatting into the stable. "Ho is a mean boy," he said under his breath, "going off and having a good time with some one else when I can't get out at all."

And then suddenly an idea came to him as the boys disappeared into the stable. Tomorrow he too would be out there. Wait! He had an idea. Chen suddenly laughed out loud, so that his neighbor lifted his head from his pillow, startled by the astonishing sound. "Ho will find out he had better be friends with *me*," he said to himself.

The next afternoon the sun was slowly sinking behind the hills when Chen, a little weakly,

leaned against the back door of the stable. No one was in sight. No one was looking from the windows of the little hospital. He must hurry! Soon Ho would come limping out to milk. With some effort Chen slid back the door with his weak left arm. There was the strange cow! For a moment he gazed upon her in astonishment. Was she indeed a *cow*, with that sleek satiny coat and great white patches on her black body? But there was no time to lose in gazing. He spoke some soothing words to her in his soft Chinese, and gently unfastening the strap by which she was confined to her stall, led her out into the field. She came willingly enough. Gently Chen urged her on. Oh, if he could but drive her into the hills! What a hunt Ho would have—Ho, who had been off all day with that good-for-nothing boy who worked in the vegetable garden. And, best of all, the missionary doctor would revile. Surely he would revile when he found his foreign cow gone, and all his milk. But who cared for foreign milk!

Chen was beginning to feel very tired. It was hard walking over the ground plowed for a second crop. There was no use going any



"HE HAD BEEN CARRIED THERE ON A QUEER, SWINGING STRETCHER, BORNE BY TWO STURDY MEN."

farther. He would frighten the cow off. Snatching his big straw hat from his head, he flapped it around, yelling shrilly. But the cow, bewildered, tried to circle back to her stable. Chen rushed at her, stumbling over the uneven ground, but the cow, with wide, frightened eyes fixed upon him, out-circled him. Then suddenly she sank forward, doubling up till she almost fell on her head.

In an instant the boy knew what had happened. He stared at the cow as she recovered her balance, pulled herself out of the fertilizer well, or walled pool, into which she had fallen, and stood for a moment swaying on three legs. Then she tried to take a step forward but almost went down on her broken leg. Lifting up her head she gave a despairing "moo" toward the distant stable.

Frightened and full of pity, Chen crept forward. Surely he had never intended to do this. Softly he called to the cow in Chinese. She tried to limp away from him but could not. Softly and gently he crept to her side and felt of the injured leg; and gently, with his left hand and the weak fingers of his right, at the end of the splint, he tried to hold the

bones in place. If only he could make a splint! Surely he knew how it was done.

"Stand still, bossy! Don't move. There, there, Chen will fix it, my treasure!" So he tried to soothe her. Oh, if some one would only come! With his teeth and his one free hand he tried to tear a strip from his new coat, but the cloth was too strong for him. Why not use the bandage on his own arm? It must be nearly well.

With his shaking left hand Chen began to fumble at his splint. Was there ever an end to the bandage? His right arm dropped helpless, and with one hand he could not bind the long strip on the cow after all. He squatted forlorn among the coils of bandage. The sun was fast setting. The mosquitoes rose in a dark cloud, and patiently Chen tried to beat them away from the cow. Would no one ever come?

A blue-clad figure moved in the distance across the hospital yard. Was it Ho?

"Ho! O, Ho!" called Chen, making a speaking-tube of his left hand. "Ho!"

There was a faint answer, Chen thought. "Ho! Ho!" he shouted again. "Quick!"

The blue figure moved out into the field.

"Ho!" called Chen again. "Hurry!"

But Ho stood stock-still for a moment. Then he broke into a limping run.

"What is the matter?" panted Ho as soon as he could be heard.

"Get Dr. Leonard!" shouted Chen. "The cow has broken her leg! Hurry!"

Ho stopped for a moment. "But how," he exclaimed, "how did she get here?"

"Get Dr. Leonard," commanded Chen, and Ho turned back again and fairly flew, in spite of his lame leg.

In a surprisingly short time the doctor and his helper arrived on the scene. The doctor at once began to examine Chen's arm.

"I could bind up her leg, doctor, I am sure I could, if I had the things," pleaded Chen. "Oh, won't you *try* to do something for her? Won't you just try? You have so much foreign magic."

Dr. Leonard, busily re-binding Chen's arm, turned to the tall young Chinese doctor who stood by his side in the field. "Never has been done, has it, Chao?" he asked.

Dr. Chao shook his head. "We will have to kill her to put her out of her pain."

"And what am I to do for milk now?" The lines of worry deepened in the missionary doctor's face. "Our smallest boy was going to pull through on the milk. Well, I'll have to send over to Tai-ping if possible to-night." He looked sadly at the cow. "And I thought this was one more Chinese problem solved."

In his clean bed that night Chen held the thick quilt before his mouth to stifle his sobbing; he, an eleven-year-old Chinese boy, who had never once whimpered when his wounds were dressed. He had killed the poor cow with his foolish anger at Ho and at the doctor. He saw it all now; how stupidly and foolishly he had "lost face"[1] here. And the doctor had not reviled after all; never once! He only talked anxiously about the sick little boy. And he really didn't have any magic, or he would have cured the cow! That strange Chinese man was a doctor—a doctor of the foreign medicine. Dr. Leonard had said so. The Chinese could learn it. It was *not* just foreign learning. Perhaps there were other Chinese doctors of whom he knew nothing.

[1] To "lose face" is to appear at a disadvantage.

It might be that he himself could learn the curious new magic!

Chen sat straight up in bed at the thought. There was no nurse in the room just at that moment. Softly he slipped from his bed, down the corridor, and stopped in front of the door labeled "Office." Chen did not know foreign manners, so he just turned the knob and walked in. There, at his desk, sat the doctor. His pen had just written "So the cow is dead—"

"Well, Chen?" he smiled wearily.

"Honorable doctor," said Chen in a small voice, "I drove away the cow. But I never meant to hurt her. Truly I am overwhelmed with sorrow! And you did not revile—" he hurried on. "Is it the foreign religion that keeps one from reviling?"

Dr. Leonard put down his pen. "It is not a *foreign* religion, Chen," he answered. "There is only one God for all the world. He has been China's God as long as He has been the God of my people or of any other people. We are not telling you of any foreign religion."

"But why didn't we know?" asked Chen in wonder.

"Those who knew have been slow to tell, very slow, that is all," replied Dr. Leonard, "and you were slow to listen," he smiled.

"Then there is no foreign religion any more than there is foreign medicine?" asked the boy.

A puzzled look crept into the doctor's eyes. But Chen did not wait for an answer. "There are other Chinese doctors who know the foreign medicine besides Dr. Chao?" he pressed breathlessly.

Dr. Leonard nodded in understanding. "Oh, yes indeed, many more who know all that we know."

"Then I, too, will be one!" exclaimed Chen firmly. "And I shall set all broken bones, *all!* Cows' bones and all!"

Late that night Dr. Leonard continued his letter to his friend:

"So the cow is dead, but I think we have gained a new doctor for China."

III

MAI-LING'S ADVENTURE

Mai-ling stuffed a handful of straw into the stove under the pot of rice and wiped her eyes. "I just wish *I* was a boy!" she exclaimed, giving a second dab to her eyes. The smoke poured out of the little stove into the room, since there was no outside chimney. Mai-ling could hardly see through the smoke across the kitchen, for only a dim light came through the one little window covered with oiled paper.

Da-da the cat sat by the stove calmly and carefully washing herself with her prickly tongue and her one white paw. "Oh, Da-da," exclaimed Mai-ling, "I want to be a boy because I want to go to *school!* Da-da, look!" whispered Mai-ling. And kneeling beside the cat, she pulled out a very stiff stalk from the little box of straw and with it drew some mysterious lines on the hard earth of the kitchen floor.

Da-da watched with interest and then

gently reached out and patted the straw with her paw.

"Oh, you love of a cat!" exclaimed Mai-ling, seizing Da-da and lifting her into her lap. "You want to write, too. See, kitty, *that* character stands for man, and that one for woman, and this for house. Weh drew them for me just once yesterday, and now *I* know them too, Da-da. But don't you ever, ever tell."

"Mai-ling!" called her mother through the doorway. "Are you keeping the rice boiling? Your brother will soon be home from school for his breakfast, and he would rather go without rice than be late to the new-fangled school."

"Yes, mother," replied Mai-ling, as she hastily stuffed some more straw into the stove. "Here, lazybones," she exclaimed as her cousin, Precious Pearl, came into the room. "Set out the bowls for the rice, and the chopsticks."

"Oh!" exclaimed Precious Pearl, "the smoke is awful this morning, Mai-ling."

"Yes, the straw is damp," answered Mai-ling. "Just think, Precious Pearl, if we were



"I LOVE TO TAKE MY LITTLE BROTHER OUT ON PLEASANT DAYS."

only boys, we could go to school and not have to cook and fuss over an old smoky fire."

"Girls go to school! Who would take care of your little brother, Mai-ling?"

"Why not?" answered Mai-ling defiantly. "Of course, I love to take my little brother out for a walk on pleasant days; everybody has a smile for him, he is so cunning. But oh, Precious Pearl, wouldn't you like to know about foreign countries and all the strange new things the boys are learning?"

"They must be very queer and barbarous countries," replied Precious Pearl as she set the table, "and I wouldn't like to have to go to school before breakfast and all day and after supper at night, the way the boys do."

"Lazy!" laughed Mai-ling. "I suppose you would like to study only half a day. Well, *I* would like to study about foreign countries all day and all night too. Nobody in our village ever knew about foreign countries until the foreign teacher who killed our tiger came here."

"Wasn't he dressed funny, and didn't he speak in a queer way?" laughed Precious

Pearl, as she placed the last pair of chopsticks on the table for the men.

"It was the tiger made everything begin," mused Mai-ling. "Everything has happened since then. Chen and Ho and Ho's mother went away to the Mission hospital, and then Elder Chang became friends with the foreign teacher, and now a young man from a big city, who has swallowed all the foreign learning, has been sent by the foreign teacher to teach our boys the new government learning."

Precious Pearl leaned over the fuel box and glanced up slyly into Mai-ling's face. "What was it I saw you looking at before you got out of bed this morning?"

Mai-ling's eyes opened wide with fright. "Precious Pearl, you will not tell, surely you will not tell?" she pleaded. "Some one will take it from me if you do—Grandmother or Father—"

"I promise not to tell," answered Precious Pearl, "if you will show it to me."

"Put some more straw under the pot," whispered Mai-ling, "and I'll be back in a minute."

"There," panted Mai-ling when she returned.

"I kept it hidden in my bedding, Precious Pearl. Come over by the window where you can see."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Precious Pearl. "Isn't that picture beautiful, Mai-ling! Where did you get it?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Mai-ling, glancing over her shoulder. "Ho's mother gave it to me. She brought it back from the Mission hospital after she had taken the boys there. It is a picture of the foreign God who loves children. See, this is he in the beautiful robe of red and blue, and he holds little children in his arms, and others stand around him as if they loved him, and some of them are *girls*."

"I—I wish *we* had a god like that," said Precious Pearl, holding the card tight. "Do you know, Mai-ling, I heard the women talking yesterday, and they said a man in the village took his new girl-baby away."

"What did he do—sell it?" asked Mai-ling in a whisper.

"Mother says he left it outside the town. All the women think so."

"It's bad being a girl," sighed Mai-ling, "and there were three already in that family."

"This foreign god has his arm around a little child in such a protecting way," continued Precious Pearl. "I—I like this picture."

"If you won't tell any one I have it, I will let you look at the card as often as you like," replied Mai-ling generously. "The new school teacher tells the boys about this god."

"I would like to hear about him," said Precious Pearl, her eyes still fastened upon the picture.

"Sh-h! they are coming," exclaimed Mailing. "Give the picture-card to me," and she whisked it up her sleeve as her father, her uncle, and her brother Weh entered.

The men sat hastily down to the table while the women bustled in to wait on them.

"Father," exclaimed Weh, "did you know there is a big war in foreign countries?"

"I have heard rumors of such a thing," replied Mr. Lee.

"But where are those countries?" asked Mailing, as she placed Weh's bowl in front of him.

"Stupid, they are on a map," replied Weh. "I have seen it."

"And, Father," continued Weh, as he deftly

tossed some rice into his mouth with his chop-sticks, "did you know that men fly through the air in that war?"

"Now, what nonsense is the boy saying!" broke in his uncle.

"But it is true, Uncle; the honorable teacher showed us the pictures of the men in the flying machines, and what is more, our honorable republic is now building many such machines. Very much I would like to be a flying-man when I grow up."

"There is no use repeating such magic tales as that, Weh," said his father severely.

"But, Father, the honorable teacher will tell you of these flying-machines himself. He is going to tell the men of the village these strange things to-morrow night. He talked with Elder Chang about it."

"We will hear what he has to say then," replied Mr. Lee.

Weh hastily tucked a large ball of rice into one cheek, so he could reply at once. "And, Father, they do many strange things in these foreign countries, for they have boats that go *under* the water."

"That school-teacher is crazy!" exclaimed

his uncle. "Why should we pay him our good money to teach our sons such wild nonsense as this?"

"But," continued Weh, eagerly, "many Chinese, thousands of them, have gone to help those foreign countries—"

"I should think so!" interrupted Weh's father scornfully. "I should think they would be needed to help chain the lunatics there!"

Weh balanced the last grains of rice neatly on his chop-sticks, and then dropped them deftly into his open mouth. "And, Father, the honorable teacher read to us this morning from the book of the Jesus religion. He says this Heavenly Father and Jesus his Son are not foreign gods but belong to China."

"I have heard many good words concerning this religion from Mrs. Wang, Ho's mother," struck in Mrs. Lee.

"Which of them is the god of children, Weh?" asked Precious Pearl, anxiously.

But her cousin made no reply.

"'Tis perhaps all right to listen to this queer doctrine," said Weh's father, commandingly, "but we must be careful not to anger the ancestor spirits."



"SHE COULD SEE THE TEACHER AND A DOZEN OR MORE PUPILS BUSILY AT WORK"

"That is the point," agreed Weh's uncle, setting down his empty teacup and rising from the table. "I see that we must study this new learning about foreign countries, but we must be cautious about the foreign religion."

"This new learning of foreign countries—I suppose you study it the last thing at night?" remarked Mai-ling innocently to Weh as he was leaving the kitchen.

"Stupid pig, no," replied Weh impatiently. "The honorable teacher gives the lesson two hours before noon."

"Can you hear, Mai-ling?" whispered Precious Pearl, as she flattened herself against the back of the mud-walled schoolhouse near to the high, oiled-paper-covered window.

By her side, on her tall stilts, Mai-ling stood in the mud and peeped through a rent in the paper, far up in the window frame. She could see the teacher and a dozen or more pupils busily at work. Without removing her eye from the hole, Mai-ling shook a warning finger at her cousin.

Precious Pearl shuddered. Oh, why had

she let Mai-ling coax her into coming? What would people say if they should happen to be discovered—two *girls*—listening and peeping into a boys' school? Precious Pearl felt sick at the thought. And what would her mother and father say? "Mai-ling, I want to go home," she whispered, almost crying. "Do come, Mai-ling. It isn't safe here."

But Mai-ling did not hear. Through the tear in the paper she saw the honorable teacher turn a large ball-like thing around before the class. "Here is our great country, China," he was saying. "And here, away on the other side of the earth, is America, where the missionary who killed the tiger came from. The earth is round, you see—"

"But, but *why* didn't he fall off before he got here?" exclaimed Mai-ling, utterly forgetting in her excitement that she was fairly shouting through the hole in the paper.

The school-teacher stopped in the middle of his sentence. Outside Precious Pearl stood paralyzed. Inside, all the boys looked up at the window. Mai-ling, terror stricken, tried to lift her stilts out of the mud to run away. Alas, one of them stuck! Wild with fear,

loyal Precious Pearl tried to tug at it, upsetting thereby Mai-ling's difficult balance. There was a rip of the oiled paper, a crash of the light wooden framework, and head first into the schoolroom sprawled Mai-ling!

There was an instant of astonished silence in the little dark, cobweb-hung room, and then a shout of laughter as Mai-ling shamefacedly picked herself up from the earthen floor.

"Are you hurt, little girl?" asked the teacher politely.

Mai-ling shook her head and twisted one corner of her blue coat.

"But how did you come to fall through the window?" asked the puzzled man.

"I—I wanted to hear the lesson," answered Mai-ling. "I—wish I could go to school!" she burst out defiantly.

Weh turned scarlet. He would certainly lose face among the boys if this kept up. Already Ho and Chen were grinning and nudging one another—Ho and Chen, who had traveled and had been among the foreign people at the hospital.

"Mai-ling!" exclaimed Weh sternly. "You go right home! Wait till Father hears how

you have come to school! You, a girl! Shame upon you! Honorable teacher, I beg your pardon."

But the school-teacher raised his hand. "Mai-ling," he said, "is right to wish to study."

"But what can a girl learn, honorable teacher?" asked Chen scornfully.

"You tell me you wish to be a doctor, Chen. Did you not know that three of the most famous doctors of the foreign medicine in China are Chinese women? Did you never hear of Dr. Shih Maiju (Dr. Mary Stone), Dr. Ida Kahn, and Dr. Hu King Eng? To say nothing of Dr. Li Bi Cu and many others. These Chinese women have swallowed all the learning of the colleges in other lands, and some of them have earned several degrees."

Doubt spread over the astonished faces of the schoolboys, while Mai-ling's eyes were almost round with wonder.

"Besides, there are very many Chinese girls who are nurses," continued the teacher.

Chen looked at Mai-ling out of the corner of his eye. When he was a great doctor it might be fun to order Mai-ling, a meek nurse, about.

"And many Chinese girls study at the girls' Mission school at Foochow," added the teacher. "I—I expect to marry one of those graduates myself, very soon, and if there are girls here who wish to study, this young woman will open a school for them."

Mai-ling gasped with delight, while for an instant, although no one noticed, Precious Pearl's frightened eyes peeped over the edge of the broken window.

"Oh, honorable teacher," Mai-ling exclaimed, "will she teach the new learning about foreign countries?"

"She will teach geography," smiled the honorable teacher.

"And does she know about the god of boys and girls?" half whispered Mai-ling.

"She is a follower of the Jesus religion," he answered.

"I must go, honorable teacher!" exclaimed Mai-ling, hastily. "I must go immediately," and she bowed very low.

"Go slowly," he warned politely.

And Mai-ling did—until she reached the door. Once outside she shouted: "Precious Pearl! Precious Pearl! We are to have a

school—a new learning school for *girls!* Run! Let's beg and beg Grandmother and Father and Mother and Uncle to let us go. Let us give them no peace till we go!"

The boys of the school smiled as the sound of Mai-ling's voice came to them faintly through the broken window, but Weh sighed heavily. "There'll be no managing Mai-ling now," he whispered to Chen. "But anyway there is one comfort. She can never know as much as I do, because I began going to school first." For Da-da, the cat, had kept her secret.

IV

THE COMING OF A FLOOD

Tou Te-Jen and Chin Wei-ping leaned up against the wall of the Mission school compound in a town in the Chinese province of An-Hui, and looked at their respective squares in the school garden. Each contained a row of string beans, a row of lima beans, beets, turnips, cabbage, carrots, onions, cucumbers, and, most glorious of all, five rows of hill corn, with squash already yellowing among the green stalks. Not a weed, not a bit of hard earth was to be seen.

Te-Jen looked slyly out of the tail of his eye at Wei-ping's square and then remarked, "My miserable corn should grow faster with all the care I take of it."

"Oh, your magnificent corn is far finer than my worthless stuff," replied Wei-ping with pride.

And, although Te-Jen made no answer, in his heart he was saying, "Yes, *my* corn is at least an inch higher than yours, I am sure." Instead he exclaimed, "Look at the queer

bug, Wei-ping, on the squash vine. I wonder if that is the kind Mr. Dike warned us about?"

And then in their interest in the curious bug both boys forgot to make further comparisons between their gardens.

"That squash is big enough to cook," remarked Wei-ping.

"I have one that size, too," answered Te-Jen, "and a cucumber that is already large enough to eat."

"I'm not going to eat my things until they are dead ripe, and I can save all the seeds," boasted Wei-ping. "Father says that next year I may have a corner of his field for planting, since I have done so well this year with the foreign seeds. He says I may have all the money I earn by selling my vegetables, to help me to go to the college at Nanking, where they teach this foreign knowledge about seeds and soil. One can actually get a degree by studying such subjects now, and when I get mine I shall then be a gentleman."

Te-Jen sighed enviously. "I want to go to that school, too, but I am not an only son, like you, Wei-ping. There are many mouths to fill at our house."



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"IN A CORNER OF THE FIELD SOME WOMEN WERE WORKING DILIGENTLY"

"You ought to see my father's wheat," boasted Wei-ping. "He planted the new seeds the missionary gave him."

"My father planted the melon seeds, and we have melons as large as your head," boasted Te-Jen in his turn.

Wei-ping looked at the circle Te-Jen enclosed with his hands. "I'd just like to see melons that size as early as this," he said, hoping to catch Te-Jen in too great boasting. He would certainly lose face if he let Te-Jen know that he too had planted melon seeds, but had forgotten to take care of them.

"Come on," answered Te-Jen heartily, "before it gets dark, and it seems to be getting dark fast." Off the boys started at a dog-trot out of the town toward the fields.

There were no men about, for it was market day in the city fifteen *li*[1] away, and they had taken their early summer produce there to sell. In a corner of the field some women were working diligently and quarreling as they worked. Otherwise there was no sound, save that of their bare feet on the hard ground as the two schoolboys trotted along.

[1] A li is about one third of a mile.

"There, what did I tell you?" triumphed Te-Jen as he pointed to the melon patch.

Seeing was believing, and Wei-ping good-naturedly began to count, Te-Jen joining in. "Fourteen—fifteen—" said Wei-ping.

"There!" interrupted Te-Jen, "did you see that big one hidden under the leaves?"

"It's so dark I can hardly see at all," complained Wei-ping.

Both boys suddenly straightened up and looked at the sky. "It's going to rain," whispered Te-Jen. "Wei-ping, it's going to rain very hard. Look over there in the north!"

"They say they've had much rain up that way already," replied Wei-ping, jerking his thumb in the direction of the dark cloud.

Te-Jen held out his hand. "I thought I felt a sprinkle," he said. "Let's look at the river, Wei-ping," he added suddenly.

"The village elders visited it before they went to market early this morning," replied Wei-ping. "They think the wall can never break."

"Let's go, anyway, and see how high the water is," replied Te-Jen, excitedly.

And Wei-ping waited not for further argument. Across the tiny grass borders of the

little Chinese field-plots they rushed to the distant embankment. Between dikes high above their heads flowed the river, for in China rivers frequently carry down from the treeless mountains great quantities of soil which build up the beds of the rivers. Instead of digging the beds out, in order to keep the rivers from overflowing their banks and destroying villages and crops, the people have built high banks strengthened by great dikes of earth and stone. Thus many of the rivers sweep through the country above the heads of the people and are very dangerous, for in flood time they are liable to burst through the strong dikes and ruin the country along their course.

Te-Jen and Wei-ping climbed the great embankment and arrived quite breathless at the top. A thrill of terror ran through Te-Jen. "Wei-ping," he panted, "it's higher than ever before. See, the flood-mark is all covered, and it is so swift and quiet."

Wei-ping glanced at the sky. "If the wind comes and more rain—" he said.

"It will surely burst through," answered Te-Jen solemnly. "It has never been like this

since I have known it. I wish the village elders were at home."

"Did you see that?" whispered Wei-ping, as a sudden little yellow wave with a white frill at the top struck the stonework at their feet.

"There was another splash of rain," answered Te-Jen. "I felt it on my face."

Wei-ping seized Te-Jen's arm. "The secret gate in the dike, Te-Jen! We've got to open it ourselves since none of the men are at home!"

"We can't open it," answered Te-Jen. "We're not strong enough."

"We've got to!" declared Wei-ping, his voice sharp with excitement. "Come on! Hurry up! It will be the only way to save our village and the fields."

"But Chen-chou, our neighbors' village, Wei-ping!" exclaimed Te-Jen. "Those gates are to be opened only in time of great need." Te-Jen shook with excitement. "And if we open them now, with the water higher than it has ever been, Chen-chou will certainly be swept away."

"Well," answered Wei-ping, "it is their village or ours. We are at the bend. Unless

some of the water is drained off, it will surely burst our bank or overflow."

Suddenly, off to the north, an invisible giant hand seemed to flatten the water. Then a great yellow wave, followed by another and another, rose up and swept toward the boys, struck with a rush against the bank, and tossed great drops over them.

"It's the wind!" shouted Wei-ping. "Come on!" And springing up to the coping, he tore off to the secret gates which the men of his village, the village of Two Stones, had treacherously built above their neighbors' town.

"Wait!" screamed Te-Jen, springing after Wei-ping. But a sudden swell of wind from the black north carried his words away. On he dashed after Wei-ping. Try as hard as he would, they had nearly reached the secret gates before Te-Jen caught up with the larger boy. Then he reached out and clutched Wei-ping's shoulder. "Don't you open them!" he screamed above the wind.

"It's their village or ours!" shouted Wei-ping in reply.

"Let the elders decide," answered Te-Jen, clutching Wei-ping again.

"It will be too late when they return," answered Wei-ping, trying to tear his arm from Te-Jen's grasp. "Do you think I'm going to have all my father's crop destroyed? Do you want to die of famine?"

"But our neighbors—" gasped Te-Jen, still struggling with Wei-ping. "You know, Wei-ping,—that rule—of gold—Mr. Dike has written on the—wall—"

"Yang Gwei Tze (foreign devil)!" half panted, half screamed Wei-ping. "I tell you we'll be lost! It's coming! See, the rain is coming—"

In one last desperate struggle the boys fought with one another. Te-Jen lost his footing, but clung tightly to Wei-ping. Down the steep embankment they rolled over and over together, till they landed with a splash in a tiny stream at the bottom.

Stunned and dizzy from the fall, the boys staggered to their feet, still clutching and fighting, and madly splashing about. Suddenly Te-Jen's arms dropped. "Wei-ping," he exclaimed, "we're wet!"

Slowly Wei-ping stretched out his dripping arms and looked at himself. "It is coming

through the dike," he answered hoarsely, "but where?"

"There!" pointed Te-Jen. "Up the bank where that clod of earth is just falling."

"We must stop it!" exclaimed Wei-ping. "We've got to stop it, Te-Jen," he said, tearing off his thin coat.

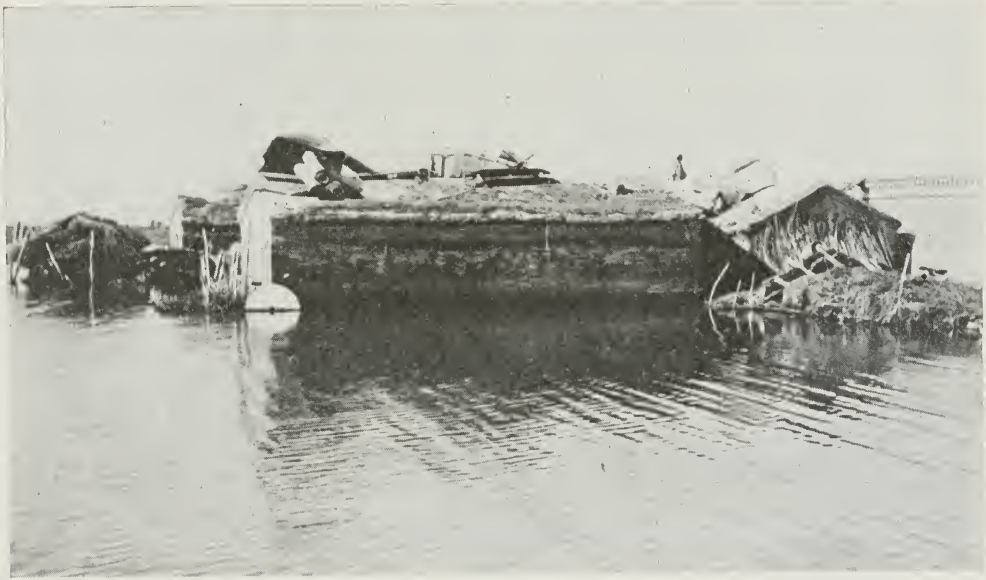
"Too late," answered Te-Jen, "it is coming through *there* and *there* also!" pointing right and left. "Oh, there is nothing we can do, Wei-ping!" he sobbed.

"Then," answered Wei-ping, his voice shrill with terror, "let us go back—quick—to the village! The women can at least get some of the things out of the houses." And forgetting their quarrel, he stretched out his hand to Te-Jen. "Come on!" he repeated.

"Don't wait, *run!*" shouted Te-Jen. "I'm for Chen-chou. There's no one to warn them, and their town will go, too."

"Fool!" shouted Wei-ping in reply, and vanished in the twilight of the storm.

It was the morning after the great flood. All the fields of the villages of Two Stones and Chen-chou had disappeared. There was only



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"THERE WAS ONLY A LAKE, ALMOST AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH"

a lake almost as far as the eye could reach. Heaps of mud, stone, and thatch marked where the mud houses of Chen-chou, soaked by the water, had given way.

Back on a little mound a few cottages still stood, and here, surrounded by some hastily built rafts, were huddled the farmers and their families, with Te-Jen in their midst.

Far away, the three-story buildings of the Mission school stood up strong and sturdy. Something moved in the distance, something with color fluttering from it. Slowly it crept toward them. It was a large boat. There was Mr. Dike, standing in the middle and waving his hat. Oh, yes, a little American flag fluttered at the prow, and a large Chinese flag of the Republic at the stern. In astonishment Te-Jen wondered at the beautiful flags. This was no holiday. And there was Te-Jen's father looking anxiously for him.

"Hurrah!" shouted Te-Jen. How good it was to see his father and friends from home after the terrible night of storm and flood.

"Everybody safe?" trumpeted Mr. Dike through his hollow hands.

"All!" called back Elder Sun of Chen-chou, "thanks to Tou Te-Jen."

The boat ran up on the shore of the little hill. Elder Sun bowed. "Honorable Tou," he said, addressing Te-Jen's father, "once our towns were enemies, but now do I see, through your honorable son, that there is no longer enmity in your hearts. We are neighbors."

Tou Han Li bowed low. "I thank you for your gracious words," he said.

"We had time to save some stores of food," continued Elder Sun. "Will your honorable village share it with us?"

"We are overwhelmed with your kindness," replied Tou Han Li. "I will present your gracious offer to the elders."

Eagerly Mr. Dike seized Te-Jen's hand. "We are proud of you, my boy," he said. "Are not the flags in your honor?"

"Honorable teacher," whispered Te-Jen, "is there a science to stop floods?"

"There is indeed," answered Mr. Dike. "It is the science of planting trees."

"Then that science will I study!" declared Te-Jen firmly.



"MY ONLY COW, WHO FOLLOWS ME NIGHTLY FROM THE RICE-FIELDS"

V

THE WINNING OF THE CORN CONTEST

Never had Shan read such an exciting story before. Evidently the ship was going to be wrecked, but the God of the man in the story would save him, Shan felt very sure.

Just then Uncle Kan stormed into the house. "She is dying even now," he said angrily. "Nothing I can do and nothing the doctor can do will save the cow, my only cow, who follows me nightly from the rice-fields. Some evil spirit has gotten into her, or some enemy has poisoned her, or the ancestral spirits are displeased and bring this bad luck to us."

"I placed some choicely cooked rice before the tablets only last night!" exclaimed Aunt Adoo anxiously. "Never have we forgotten to show honor on the first and fifteenth of each month. They cannot be angry."

"Where is that Shan!" exclaimed Uncle Kan. "Perhaps it is the strange foreign seeds he has planted which has made the earth

spirits angry. Ah, there you are in the corner, you good-for-nothing boy. If I had a son of my own, you would never be eating my rice! I believe this misfortune is your fault. I have had nothing but bad luck since I took you under my roof. What are you reading?"

Timidly Shan closed his book. "It is a book our honorable teacher, Ling Wei, has lent me."

"And he is always talking about the new-fangled religion the foreigners have brought into our country. The whole village of Yellow Dog will go to ruin. I will talk to the elders. Let me see this book."

Trembling Shan handed him the little book.

His forehead contracted into a frown. Uncle Kan spelled out the characters. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "this is a book of that foreign religion, I see! It is this that has angered the ancestor spirits, no doubt." And adding angrily, "I will not have the thing in the house!" he whirled the book through the open door into the muddy yard outside.

With a cry Shan sprang after it. But the pig had already trampled it deep and torn it

before it could be rescued. Slowly and sadly Shan gathered up the muddy tatters and started for school. What would the schoolteacher say to the ruin of his book? And now he might never know the end of the story about the man named Paul, who, in a far country, had become a convert to this Jesus religion.

But what was the crowd on the street? There were Ling Wei and the schoolboys gathered about a donkey in front of the school. Shan ran ahead. Yes, sure enough, it was the foreign teacher from the town of Two Stones, fifteen *li* away, who last spring had brought them the seed of the foreign corn to plant. He it was who had persuaded Uncle Kan and Lu's and Kai's father to allow them to use a little square twenty feet by twenty feet, for planting the new grain, and who had visited them every month since to show them about the care of this new food.

Shan hurried up. Mr. Dike was just saying: "And now I am going to tell you about a prize that has been offered to the boy in the town of Two Stones, Chen-chou, or Yellow Dog, who raises the most corn in his patch. In the

country I came from there are many thousands of schoolboys who are members of Corn Clubs. To some of them that I know I have written about your Corn Club, and they have sent the entire cost of the tuition for one boy in our Mission school at Two Stones, so that the boy who wins the contest will have a free scholarship."

Shan, Lu, and Kai heard not a word of what Mr. Dike said to Ling Wei after that. A scholar! Kai drew in his breath. He already saw himself journeying through the country with a mandarin's cap upon his head, that wonderful little cap which indicated great power in the fortunate person who was privileged to wear it. And as they walked toward the fields for the inspection, Lu whispered to Shan: "This Agriculture of the government—cannot one who has studied become the Minister?"

"Ho-ho!" jeered Kai. "Lu wants to become Minister of Agriculture and live in a palace at Peking. Lu doesn't want much! Next he'll dream of being President, all because he *may* win a scholarship in a school of the foreign learning. Now *I* would be satisfied to be a

mandarin in charge of the planting of seeds in a province."

"And I," said Shan, "if I won the prize and might study in the foreign school, I would like to be a teacher of the new Agriculture, just like Mr. Dike."

Presently Mr. Dike finished his inspection. "All going well, boys," he announced. "There is nothing for you to do now but see that no insect pests attack your crop. There is a strange worm which has destroyed many acres of corn in America, but I do not fear that we shall find it here. Your corn is in first-class condition, and you have as much chance to win the contest as any boys in the three towns. I congratulate you, Mr. Ling, upon your fine pupils."

Low bowed Mr. Ling, sucking in his breath and thus expressing pleasure in Chinese fashion. "And now, Mr. Dike, could you be so kind," he asked humbly, "have you any other copy of the books of this Jesus religion? It interests me greatly."

Shan looked anxiously at Mr. Dike. Not yet had he been able to tell Ling Wei of the destruction of his precious story of the man Paul.

"Indeed, I am glad to tell you that I have. Here is a complete copy of all the books concerning the life of Jesus and his followers," and Mr. Dike drew from his pocket a Chinese New Testament.

With shining eyes Shan watched the purchase of the book. Now he would know the end of that story of the shipwreck.

It was dark and Shan was trudging happily homeward, when suddenly the shrieks of a pig burst on his ears. Some pig was certainly in desperate plight. People came running from every direction. Lu and Kai joined him. But what was happening? The crowd was turning into the Kan yard!

Shan's heart stood still with dread.

"It's *your* pig," yelled Kai. "It must have been in a fight with a dog."

Shan pushed his way into the muddy little yard, now crowded with people. There stood Aunt Adoo, weeping loudly, and there stood Uncle Kan, swinging his arms wildly, while on the ground lay the expiring pig.

"I will find this vile dog and I will kill it," declared Uncle Kan. "Out of here, every one of you! It was your dogs, every one of them,

which killed my pig! All the spirits are against me!"

And then his eyes fell on Shan. "Ah, you are here, are you? This is your work! This morning my cow, and to-night my pig, dead! It is you with your foreign devil religion and your foreign devil seeds! Every plant shall come out of the earth!" And seizing a sickle Uncle Kan rushed for his field, the crowd following at his heels.

"But, Uncle!" entreated Shan, "you promised the foreign teacher you would let the seed grow! *You* were to have all the crop. It would have been food for us and the pig—" he screamed after his uncle as they rushed along.

"The pig!" echoed Uncle Kan with scorn. "Yes, the foreigner planned to kill my pig!"

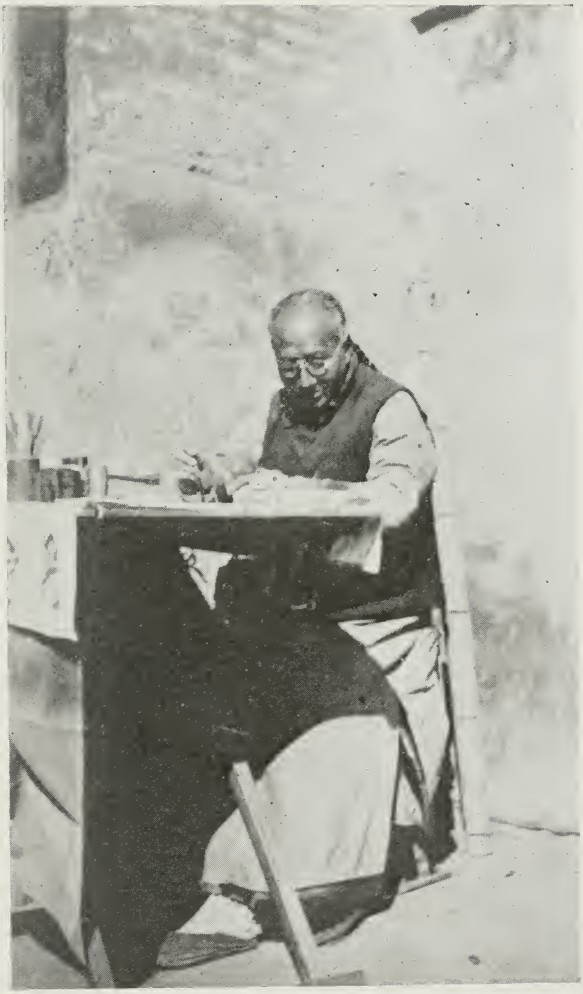
Swish went the knife through the cornstalks. "But the prize!" cried Shan. "The prize of the scholarship for the most corn," sobbed Shan, trying to get in front of his uncle and protect the precious stalks.

Some one dragged him out of the way of the knife, and soon the last lusty green stalk with its long, waving leaves fell.

Shan waited for no more but ran to the old

schoolhouse. There in an angle of the wall, in spite of his twelve sturdy years, he sobbed until he was tired. He was hungry, too, but he did not wish to go home to supper. Dully he watched the great shining rim of the moon rise above the bare, treeless hills. Presently it occurred to him that it might be a comfort to count the tiny ears which were just beginning to show their rolls on the sides of some of the stalks. He would like to know whether he had more than the other boys. Slowly he got up and walked dejectedly out to the fields.

Tenderly Shan picked up the slain stalks and laid them in a pile, examining each stalk carefully in the bright moonlight. They were half counted, when suddenly Shan noticed a queer hole in one of the broad leaves. The heart of the stalk looked strange also. It was bored through and through, as near as he could tell! With his knife Shan hastily slit it open lengthwise. A big, ugly, dark worm tumbled out into his palm. Shan stared in astonishment. "It must be the worm that Mr. Dike told us about, the worm that has destroyed acres of corn in his land. But where did it come from?"



"THE OLD MAN LOOKED UP, A KINDLY BUT CONCERNED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE"

Eagerly Shan examined the remaining corn. Two more leaves showed the tell-tale hole far from the place of actual damage, while the tender green heart of the stalk was completely destroyed. But no other worms were to be found. Were they making their slow way to some other stalk? Shan thought of Lu and Kai! Had the plague reached their patches too?

Quickly Shan crossed the little grass-bordered fields to the patches of Lu and Kai. Rapidly he walked down the tiny rows, looking at the broad leaves as they glistened in the moonlight. Two holes in Lu's patch and five in Kai's he found. Quickly, with his knife, he cut out the blasted stalks, and gathering them into his arms, he ran for the home of the schoolmaster. As the boy entered, the old man looked up, a kindly but concerned expression on his face.

"I am so sorry, Shan, to hear—" began the schoolmaster.

But Shan, in his excitement, interrupted him. "They have come!" he exclaimed, "the worms! Those worms which destroyed the corn in America!"

Eagerly Ling Wei examined the stalks and

then sadly laid them down. "And I had dreamed that a boy from my school might win the prize," he said. "I thought that one of you might bring back from this foreign school more knowledge to our village about the Jesus religion."

Shan stared at him. "Surely there is something to do," he said. "The foreign teacher must know what to do. If we send to him right away, Lu or Kai may yet win!"

"But how can we send to him?" asked the old man anxiously. "My cough is too bad for me to go. Your uncle has so stirred up the village that it is best not to ask that a boy be taken away from school to send. No, there is nothing to do."

"But—*I* could go *now*," whispered Shan. "Why not? My uncle will sleep soundly after his great anger. If I go now, I could get back and be sleeping quietly on my *kang* [bed] when he wakens in the morning."

"But *alone?*" questioned Ling Wei. "Alone at night, and it is thirty *li*, my boy, there and back!"

"Isn't it worth it?" questioned Shan eagerly. "It may mean the scholarship for Lu or Kai.

And perhaps, if one of them wins, he will teach us in the vacation what he has learned at the foreign school."

"Yes, it *is* worth while," answered Ling Wei slowly. "It is worth it for our village. The foreign teacher lives next to the school at Two Stones. You cannot miss it, for it is a great three-story building. And here, Shan, is this dagger for the road—"

But Shan hesitated. "Honorable teacher," he said in a small voice, "that book of the Jesus religion, you bought from the foreign teacher, would you let me take it with me instead? It may be better to keep off the evil spirits," he whispered glancing over his shoulder. "The book says that this new God of Heaven kept the man named Paul from great danger in the shipwreck and many other times in his life."

Silently the venerable Ling Wei slipped the little book into Shan's hand.

"Up with you, Shan!" called Uncle Kan in the morning. "Would you sleep all day?" And then he fell to eating his three bowls of rice in surly silence. He had been thinking

that perhaps it had been bad policy to destroy the foreign crop. He had lost that crop now, as well as the cow and the pig. As for his good-for-nothing adopted son, he would let him alone for a while, and hope that some day he might get some profit out of the money he was spending on the boy's education.

Wearily and stiffly, but with a satisfied smile, Shan arose from his *kang*, watching his aunt out of the corner of his eye, lest she notice the mud of the road on his shoes and trousers.

As soon as breakfast was over, Shan slipped unnoticed a small package from his quilts, and started for school.

"It is poison," he explained later to the excited Lu and Kai, "and the foreign teacher says surely it will prevent the worms from tasting any more corn. It is to be mixed with water till it looks like milk, and then it is shaken on the heart of each stalk with a paddle. The foreign teacher says surely we have saved our corn, and not only ours, but all that of Two Stones and Chen-chou as well, for he will give them all this poison to put upon the stalks. He had never thought the worm would visit our corn."

"If we win, it will be you who have won for us," said Kai generously.

"It was a shame your corn was destroyed," added Lu.

And so the warm summer days passed, and the cool of autumn came. Long golden ears of corn formed and ripened. Eagerly Lu and Kai counted and speculated, and generous Shan helped them, and old Ling Wei, growing weaker and weaker from his cough, dreamed that he might yet have a schoolboy at the foreign school.

At last, when the cornsilk had all turned brown and withered, two donkeys entered the town of Yellow Dog and drew up in front of the schoolhouse.

Shan was as excited as Lu and Kai, for had not each promised, if he won, to share his knowledge with Shan during the school vacations? Old Ling Wei was bowing deeply and sucking in his breath with gratification to receive once more the honorable foreign teacher, and with him a young Chinese gentleman in foreign dress, the Honorable Mr. Yang. Ling Wei bowed again deeply, and all the boys of the school bowed deeply with him,

when they learned that this gentleman was a government inspector for the Ministry of Agriculture. In his mind Kai immediately changed his mandarin cap for a foreign derby!

With notebook in hand, Mr. Yang proceeded with Mr. Dike, Ling Wei, and all the school to the fields, where quickly, all the boys helping, the two little corn patches were picked, the ears shucked and shelled, and the heaps of golden grain finally laid upon a quilt in front of the school.

Frowning, Mr. Dike consulted his record. "Why, where is your corn, Shan?"

"It—is gone," stammered Shan in confusion, the eyes of the stranger upon him.

And then, bowing low, Ling Wei told the story of Shan's patch.

"So it was not to save your own corn you walked ten miles the night you came to me?" said Mr. Dike. "How is that for generosity and patriotism, Mr. Yang?"

Mr. Yang nodded with a strange little smile as he carefully measured the corn with a government measure. Filled with curiosity, the men of the village left their work and gathered about Mr. Yang.

"Well, this is the end of the line," concluded Mr. Dike, checking up the two piles of corn once more. "And I have the honor to announce that Chi Kai has won the scholarship by one quart! Kai, I congratulate you that you, out of ten competing boys, have won."

Low bowed Kai, and low bowed all the school together.

And then Mr. Yang made a little speech. "It is not only for himself, just to help feed his own family, that Chi Kai has made a success, it is to show men all over China that here is another good food which they can raise with profit. It is to feed many hungry people.

"In order to tell people about new seeds and to give them better wheat and other grains for planting, to tell them how to cultivate their soil to better advantage, and how to fight insect pests, the honorable Ministry of Agriculture is sending out a demonstration train which will travel for two months all the way from Peking to Han-kau. Illuminated pictures will be shown to people along the way, and talks about the seeds, which are distributed free, will be given, and a boys' band

will travel with the train to entertain the people."

"This is wonderful!" exclaimed the men of the town.

"The Ministry of Agriculture," continued Mr. Yang, "has graciously appointed me as one of the men to travel on this train and tell people about the new agriculture. Some of Kai's corn I would like to take with me to show to them." Kai beamed with pride, while old Ling Wei gazed at his pupil with a satisfied smile.

"*But*," added Mr. Yang, "I need some one to aid me in giving out free seeds among the people, so I would like to take Shan himself, for has he not saved more than a whole patch of corn for his country? The government will pay him, if he will perform this service, and I am sure his pay will be sufficient for his tuition at the school of the honorable Mr. Dike. Will you go, Shan?"

With shining eyes Shan choked out, "If my honorable uncle will permit."

There was a movement among the men of the village. Kan stepped forward, sucking in his breath. Low he bowed. "There is

evidently much more in this foreign learning than I at first perceived," he said smoothly. "And perhaps the ancestor spirits are not annoyed, after all, by this new religion. It is a great honor your Excellency has bestowed upon my unworthy nephew. In his name, I humbly accept," he concluded.

VI

PRECIOUS FLOWER AND THE FLIES

Mrs. Cu stepped outside the wall of her yard in the early morning and gazed across the street through the open gate at the home of her neighbor, Mrs. Wang. "Of all things!" she exclaimed. "What has that Precious Flower been up to now? Mrs. So!" she called.

Mrs. So appeared next door.

"What do you make out those things to be, hanging over Mrs. Wang's window and door?" asked Mrs. Cu.

"It is some kind of thin cloth," answered Mrs. So, squinting.

"What do you suppose it is for?" asked puzzled Mrs. Cu.

"I cannot imagine," replied Mrs. So. "That Precious Flower has done something queer every time she came home for a vacation from the Mission school at Two Stones. Last year she took a notion that the chickens and pig should be kept out of the house; she said that they made the house dirty and bad for Little Gold to play on the floor. Just fancy!"

"Well, let's step over and ask," said practical Mrs. Cu. And both women hobbled across the street on their tiny, bound feet.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wang! How do you do, Precious Flower," greeted Mrs. Cu. "How you have grown, Precious Flower, since you have been at the Mission school. You certainly are a head taller, but your complexion has not improved. How is your honorable health?"

"My miserable health is very good indeed," replied Precious Flower. "And how are your three honorable sons?" she inquired politely.

"My three unworthy boys are very well," replied Mrs. Cu, proudly.

"But tell us," put in Mrs. So, after she had finished with her greetings also, "why have you hung these strange cloths to your door and window, Mrs. Wang?"

"Those cloths are to keep out the flies," answered Mrs. Wang proudly. "Precious Flower says that flies are very bad in a house."

"Flies!" gasped Mrs. Cu. "Why, what objection can you possibly find to a fly, my dear?" turning to Precious Flower.

Precious Flower modestly raised her eyes. "We are taught at the Mission school about the evil they do, Mrs. Cu. They walk over the filth and the heaps of refuse in our streets, and then they come in, with their spongy little feet all full of this dirty matter, and walk over the food we eat and over the baby's eyes and even on its mouth. The things which cling to the flies' feet are really little animals."

"Of all things!" interrupted Mrs. So.

"And these animals—germs, they are called —make sickness. They make the baby's eyes sore like the Chang baby's eyes, and they poison our food; and when they light on sick people and then come to us, they bring the disease with them."

"Who ever heard the like!" exclaimed Mrs. Cu, fanning herself vigorously.

"Here are some pictures," said Precious Flower, going to a table near by, "that they gave me at school. These show the germs that the flies bring into our homes."

"What, those awful looking dragons and serpents?" screamed Mrs. Cu. "Never have I seen such ugly creatures in my life! You must be mistaken, Precious Flower, about the



"I HAVE SEEN THEM THROUGH A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT AT OUR HONORABLE SCHOOL"

flies bringing them, for never have I met such creatures in my home, and it has always been full of flies in summer!"

"You cannot see them without looking through a special glass which magnifies, they are so very tiny; but they are just as ugly for all that, and do as much harm. These are the animals which make cholera and the fever. I have seen them through a curious instrument at our honorable school."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. So, "they have taught you strange things at that school, Precious Flower. If I hadn't lived among flies all my life, you would frighten me to death. Well, I must be going."

"And so must I," chimed in Mrs. Cu, "but it is certainly cool and pleasant here without the flies," she added, as she looked about the clean little room and at Little Gold's freshly washed face.

"Go slowly!" cautioned Mrs. Wang and Precious Flower together, for the heat was great.

"Well, of all crazy notions!" exclaimed Mrs. So when they were well outside. "Do you suppose they are true, Mrs. Cu?"

"There is Mrs. Chang!" exclaimed Mrs. Cu. "Oh, Mrs. Chang, have you heard the news? Precious Flower is home from the Mission school for her vacation, and she has hung a cloth of some kind over the window and the door. And such pictures as she has brought home! She says the flies have given your baby sore eyes!" Mrs. Cu stopped, completely out of breath.

"The flies have done it!" scornfully exclaimed Mrs. Chang. "Why, it is the *demons*, of course, and I have just taken the baby to the doctor, who has stuck some needles into his face to drive the demons out!"

"But it *is* the flies with the dragons on their feet—" broke in Mrs. So. "Go ask Precious Flower. She will tell you all about it."

"What nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Chang disdainfully, "to say that about harmless little flies! But I will step in and see the child."

"There is Mrs. Lu," cried Mrs. Cu, excitedly. "Let's tell her this strange tale of the flies." And so the story spread through the little Chinese village, and Precious Flower was kept busy in her mother's clean little

home, showing her pictures and telling the story of the evil flies.

"I never noticed so many flies in our street before," scolded Mrs. Cu. "I was going to buy some fish for dinner, but look at old Wang's market! His fish are just covered with flies, and he Precious Flower's own uncle, too!"

"Some nice fresh fish this morning, Mrs. Cu?" coaxed old Wang, in his wheedling voice.

"Fresh fish, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Cu. "Just look at the flies which cover them! Straight from your pile of old fish heads and cleanings down there in the gutter they come, and then walk all over your fish. Fine fish they are! They are not worth half the price you charge for them. You ask your own niece, Precious Flower. *She* can tell you! Trying to poison us all!"

Bewildered, Wang's usually nimble tongue was paralyzed. "What has my niece been saying about my fish?" he suddenly thundered.

"Oh, nothing whatever about your fish," retorted Mrs. So with scorn. "What she says is about the *flies*. Your fish are not fit to eat

when they are covered with dirty flies; certainly not at the price you ask."

"I'll not sell one cash cheaper!" And old Wang, now thoroughly angry, slammed one fist into the other.

"Oh, very well, I shall buy some eggs," replied Mrs. So.

"And I shall look at this duck," added Mrs. Cu. "It isn't covered with quite so many *flies* as your miserable fish."

All the morning old Wang listened to one woman after another talking about flies, until he thought he would lose his mind. Certainly he lost money, for no one bought fish until late afternoon, when he was compelled to sell at half price.

"I will stand this no longer," he muttered as he proceeded to close his shop early. Suddenly he heard a slight sound of shoveling by the side of the shop. Hurrying around the corner, he beheld the youngest Cu boy diligently shoveling the refuse from the gutter into a small wheelbarrow. On one arm was a band of white paper decorated with a strange device.

"Here, you young rascal, leave my gutter

alone!" screamed the old man, springing for the boy.

"You let me be!" cried Cu Jo. But in his fright he tumbled over his own wheelbarrow, and old Wang caught him by the arm.

"What are you doing, you good-for-nothing!" cried old Wang, shaking Jo until his teeth chattered.

"You let go of me!" cried Jo. "I belong to the 'Anti-Fly Society.' Precious Flower started it, and we boys belong. And—and we're cleaning up the street so the flies won't come. You let go—" And with that little Jo managed to wrench himself free and ran crying to his home, even deserting his wheelbarrow.

"Now what in the name of all the demons is this?" asked old Wang, examining the paper band which remained in his hand when Jo had made good his escape. "It looks like a cow. No, by the wings it is a fly—the device of a fly! We are bewitched. I am losing my mind! Wait till I get hold of that miserable niece of mine," he ground out between his teeth. "I'll make her smart for this. Upsetting the whole town!" And old Wang

tremblingly seized a stout stick from his doorway and set out for the home of Mrs. Wang, his sister-in-law.

"There comes old Wang to revile!" cried Mrs. So to her neighbors as the old man passed her house, muttering and flourishing his stick.

Cu Jo too had helped spread the news. Out came the Cus, the Changs and many others, while all the boys, each wearing a fly-badge on his arm, tagged at old Wang's heels.

Mr. Wang began reviling at once.

"Shall I pay my good money for Precious Flower's education at this Mission school, so that she can teach a government school and take care of her worthless mother and sister, so they shall not be like stones around my neck any longer, only to have her come home and ruin my business? Yes, ruin it!" screamed Mr. Wang, his face now purple with anger. "Ruin it with her crazy talk about flies! Fifteen strings of cash have I lost this day—" Mr. Wang stopped to pant as he entered the yard.

"What is this crazy cloth before the door, sister-in-law?" he yelled. "I know. It is the doing of that good-for-nothing girl!" And

rip! Mr. Wang tore down the mosquito netting.

Poor Mrs. Wang flung herself at Mr. Wang's feet. "Oh, do not beat Precious Flower!" she wailed. "The child meant no harm. It is but the teaching of the Jesus school. She has meant harm to no one."

"Let me find her," panted old Mr. Wang, waving his stick. "I will teach her a lesson."

"I am sure she will talk no more about the silly flies," pleaded Mrs. Wang, still clinging to her brother-in-law's feet, while the neighbors crowded into the house to enjoy the tumult.

Suddenly the storeroom door opened, and there stood Precious Flower.

"You wicked girl! You good-for-nothing!" yelled Mr. Wang, flourishing his stick at sight of her. "Twelve strings of cash have I lost!" But to save himself he could not free his feet from Mrs. Wang's grasp.

And there stood Precious Flower, smiling—actually smiling at her uncle; beckoning to him to enter, laying her finger on her lips and pointing to the neighbors behind him.

"I'll make you smart for this!" cried the old man—and then he suddenly stopped! Had

his niece indeed lost her mind? Why did she only smile and beckon to him to come into the storeroom? Mr. Wang's anger dropped from him and he began to be afraid. What if some demon had indeed taken possession of Precious Flower? He stood perfectly quiet, looking at the girl curiously.

"Please come in here, Uncle," smiled Precious Flower. "I have something to tell you."

And to the astonishment of every one, old Mr. Wang stepped tremblingly into the storeroom and Precious Flower's hand closed the door.

Mrs. Wang looked at the neighbors, and the neighbors looked at Mrs. Wang, and then she threw herself down on the earthen floor and wept. "He will kill her! I am sure he will kill her!" she wailed. And Mrs. Cu and Mrs. So and Mrs. Lu tried to comfort her, but all the time they were listening, listening. However, they heard nothing through the storeroom door but the murmur of Precious Flower's gentle voice, and now and then the gruff tones of old Wang.

At last the door opened and Mr. Wang came out, a sly smile upon his face. "Go home,

good neighbors," he said. "Go home and leave my foolish sister-in-law in peace." And dying with curiosity, Mrs. Cu, Mrs. So, and Mrs. Lu, as well as all the little boys with the paper bands on their arms, went home no wiser than when they came.

"Mrs. So! Oh, Mrs. So!" called Mrs. Cu excitedly the next morning. "Only look over at Mrs. Wang's! Those thin cloths are gone from the door and the two windows. Poor Precious Flower! Goodness knows what that old man said to her when they were alone in the storeroom together. He nearly shook my little Jo to death last evening, and took his badge away from him. The poor child was miserable until he and the other boys had some kind of a meeting with Precious Flower. I couldn't get a word out of him about it. But Wang must have half killed the child to make her take those fly cloths down."

"I wish I knew what happened," replied Mrs. So, squinting across toward Mrs. Wang's house. "I'll go in and ask her after I have bought something for breakfast, but now I must hurry to market."

"And I too," agreed Mrs. Cu. "I'll go with

you. I suppose old Wang will be happy now he has gotten the best of his niece, but not one ounce of fish will I buy from him after the way he turned us all out of the house last night."

"Why, Mrs. Cu!" cried Mrs. So, shading her eyes with her hand. "See the crowd around Wang's fish market already. We must hurry. Perhaps he is selling some bargain."

"What can have happened!" exclaimed Mrs. Cu, as they hobbled along. "He has all Precious Flower's pictures in plain sight. What can it mean?"

But the meaning was clear enough both to those who could read and to those who could not. In large black characters over the fish-stand, was a sign in Precious Flower's best printing:

ANTI-FLY FISH MARKET.

ONLY FRESH FISH UNTRAMPLED BY FLIES SOLD HERE.

On the other side a string of characters read from top to bottom:

FLIES
SPREAD
DISEASE.



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"MR. CHANG WAS HURRIEDLY MAKING HIS WAY DOWN TO HIS BOAT ON THE RIVER"

Across the top of the stand were large pictures of gigantic flies, and the famous dragon and serpent germs. Below on the stand, beneath light bamboo frames, lay old Wang's fish, completely protected from the poisonous tread of the fly by what had been the door netting and the window screen. Fish were selling right and left, while across the street Mr. Lu and Mr. Cu stood before their booths of fried cakes, browned ducks, and cooked eels, the flies gaily buzzing about them and not one customer offering to buy.

In the distance Mr. Chang was hurriedly making his way down to his boat on the river. Mr. Cu looked at Mr. Lu, and then both men ran to overtake Mr. Chang.

"Ho, Chang!" called Lu. "When you reach the city, buy me a roll of this new cloth which keeps the flies off."

Mr. Chang smiled broadly.

"And a roll for me, too," panted Mr. Cu. "Two rolls, Chang, for the women will want to buy for their houses now. We'll get ahead of old Wang yet."

But Chang shook his head. "Mr. Wang has already given me an order for five rolls," he

said, "and he has made me promise to buy for nobody else."

Mr. Lu looked at Mr. Cu sheepishly. "Then we shall have to buy of him," he said, "and Wang will charge us twice the value. I think," he added as they walked slowly back, "I'll send my daughter to that Mission school."

"It seems to be good business," remarked Mr. Cu.

VII

THE VILLAGE OF THE CRIMSON TREE

Little Lin leaned anxiously over the big earthen bowl filled with dirt. "There is not a single green speck to be seen," he said sadly.

Ing, Huo, and Pang, his schoolmates, crowded their heads close together over the brown soil. "Maybe you haven't kept the earth warm enough," speculated Ing.

"Every night it has slept between Ma-Li and me on the *kang*," declared Lin, "and every day you have seen that I have had it here in the sun in the house corner. I have watered it. Never once have I forgotten, and the earth was good, rich earth, well fertilized, which father gave me from his rice bed."

"Perhaps the seed of a tree does not arise as soon as that of a vegetable," ventured Pang.

"It is nine days to-day," counted Lin on his fingers, "since I planted the three little brown seeds with wings from America. If

they had been peas or beans or millet or rape, Father says, by now they would arise."

"It would be such a great thing to have a tree in our village!" said Huo, longingly.

"Let's take it to our honorable school-teacher. Is not he the wisest man in our town?" suggested Pang, suddenly.

"Did you not say the trees were a matter for schools?" added Ing. "It will be the thing to do!"

"Yes!" chorused the boys.

"Well, all right, if you will go with me," agreed Lin nervously.

So Lin, carefully carrying the big earthen bowl, wrapped around with an old wadded blue coat, set out for the schoolhouse.

In astonishment the good school-master, Mr. Meng, removed his great horn-rimmed glasses as the little procession of boys entered. This day he had proclaimed as a holiday. Had he at last discovered boys who loved learning so well that they would come to school on a holiday?

"Honorable teacher," began Lin, bowing as low as was possible with his precious bowl, "can you tell us how soon a tree arises from the ground when a seed is planted?"

"A tree?" asked the puzzled Mr. Meng, putting on his great glasses again and staring at the bowl of earth. "Where did you get the seed of a tree?"

"From the city, honorable teacher," replied Pang.

"From the foreign teacher," hurriedly added Ing.

"It came from America!" triumphed Huo above the others, as they all talked at once.

"One moment!" exclaimed Mr. Meng. "I cannot understand in this clamor. If the seed belongs to you, Lin, let me hear how you got it."

Lin's voice trembled with excitement. "You know, honorable teacher, my father took me with him in his boat, at the completion of the moon, to the city. There my cousin Yu Tie-fei led me to a school which is called a Sunday school, taught by a foreign woman. It was she, honorable teacher, who told me of the great Day of Trees in our honorable republic."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Meng. "I had not heard of it."

"The President made it!" broke in Pang.

"It is so the foreign teacher said," continued Lin. "And the President went to the temple of Heaven, and there, with great ceremony and the music of bands, he planted a tree."

"I did not know that our honorable President worked with his hands," frowned Mr. Meng. "Could not any coolie plant a tree for him if he had wished it? Perhaps the foreign teacher was misinformed."

"But my father also heard it was true," exclaimed Lin. "It was because this was a very honorable tree which would stop floods."

"My son, you are crazy! A tree stop a flood? Who ever heard the like! A tree is for making tables and chairs and benches. Did the foreign teacher say *how* it could stop a flood?" asked the teacher.

"She did, indeed, but that I cannot tell," hurried on Lin. "I was looking at the strange blue color of her eyes, and her queer clothes, honorable teacher, and I do not know what she said. But this I remember, that great virtue in trees was well known. And in her country, this America, they also have an honorable day for the planting of trees for the

glory and benefit of their land. And some boys of that country, wishing to make friendship, sent some tree seeds as a gift of ceremony, and humbly begged that we accept them, to plant on our honorable Day of Trees. To all the boys and girls in that school she gave a little package of tree seeds, and even to me, a stranger, when I told her that in our honorable village of the Crimson Fish there was no tree.

"She said, honorable teacher," Lin continued, "that this was a matter for schools; that we must make trees to grow in our mountains again; that once they were covered with trees, the floods would stop."

"Hum!" said Mr. Meng, tapping his book with his glasses. "Yes, I believe in the classics they do speak of a time when there were trees on the mountains."

"And were there no floods then, such as we had two years ago, when we were forced to eat even the vines of our sweet potatoes, like the pigs?" asked Huo.

"Hum!" mused Mr. Meng. "I shall have to search out this matter. Do not the classics tell us to dig deep the channels of our rivers?

I will look into this subject," and he bent over the earth in the bowl, while the boys watched him anxiously.

Gently the teacher scraped at the earth with his long forefinger. "Perhaps the seed is buried too deeply," he said. "What is this?" he suddenly asked.

Lin held his breath. There in the center of the bowl a tiny green loop was forcing its way upward, part of it still held in the seed which it had burst.

"It is the tree!" he exclaimed. "We shall have a tree!"

"And there is none anywhere!"[1] declared Pang.

"Never have I seen one, honorable teacher," said Ing. "What does a tree look like?"

"Have *you* seen one, honorable teacher?" pressed Huo.

Gravely Mr. Meng nodded. "I have seen them," he said, "in other parts of our magnificent land. They are like—they are like an

[1] "In China there are very few forests, for every bit of land possible is farmed. In some parts of China one can travel for hundreds of miles without seeing a single tree or even anything made of wood." (See "Stories of Brotherhood," page 74.)

umbrella that is covered with leaves. When does this honorable Day of Trees come? Did you hear, Lin?"

"It is the third day of the third month, honorable teacher—"

"Ah, the Festival of Ching Ming!" exclaimed the teacher, "when we honor our ancestors. There is no doubt some magic in a tree. I must search the classics and take counsel with Elder Hung. This is an important affair."

"But how can I keep the little tree warm and give it sunshine during the winter?" asked Lin anxiously.

"Hum!" mused Mr. Meng again. "I have a window of glass in my house." He sighed. "It will be hard to do without it, but you must have it. It is the only one in the town. You must have it, for no sunlight can come through your oiled-paper window."

And so the tree, watered by Lin, and warmed in his bed at night, grew in the sunshine which fell through the schoolmaster's window-glass. All the schoolboys came in to visit it, and to wonder what it would look like when it was grown.

"So it is a Day of Trees which our President has appointed? Well, well!" remarked Elder Hung, when he also came to see the tiny straight little green spike. "In these new days, things happen so fast that one can hardly keep them all in mind. Well, the village of the Crimson Fish will perform this ceremony with honor. The village of Wuhu has no such tree, nor has the Milky River town. I have conferred with the elders of these villages, but the ceremony is unknown to them. Well, well!" and Elder Hung walked proudly away.

At last came the third month. The little tree was now fully six inches high. Tiny golden-green leaves, with three sharp points to each one of them, circled its stem and crowned the top.

The third day dawned bright and clear. Excitedly the boys and girls, the men and women, gathered at the home of Li Lin. Every one was dressed in his very best. Firecrackers banged right and left. And then the procession set out for the schoolhouse, Elder Hung and Schoolmaster Meng leading, Lin next, proudly carrying the precious tree in its bowl; behind him all the schoolboys, two and



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"HAPPY LITTLE LIN WATCHED EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE SCHOOLMASTER AND ELDER HUNG"

two, followed in turn by all the girls and smaller boys and all the men and women of the village.

In the middle of the street, in front of the school, Elder Hung and the school-teacher climbed with as much dignity as possible to the top of a big mound of earth surrounded by a freshly built wall of mud and stone.

Proudly Lin handed the tree to the schoolmaster, who gently broke the bowl away and placed the little tree in the earth. With a hoe, Elder Hung packed the earth around it, saying solemnly: "I plant this tree to the honor of the ancestor spirits and to the glory of our great Republic." Happy little Lin watched every movement of the schoolmaster and Elder Hung. It was a great day for him. Presently he turned grandly and signaled the schoolboys. With one accord they sang at the top of their voices:

"Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me!"

which was all that faithful Lin could remember of the song he had once heard at the Sunday

school where the tree-seeds were given him. And all the mothers and fathers listened proudly as their sons sang the foreign song.

Then there were more firecrackers, and with large baskets filled with food, with paper clothes to burn, and rice paper money, the people proceeded joyfully to the place of the graves for the Festival of Ching Ming.

At the place of the graves, they cleared away last year's dead grass and rubbish. They polished up the tombstones, and then they spread out the tempting food they had brought for the spirits to eat. After the spirits had tested the flavor, all the people feasted on the food themselves.

Slowly the little procession was returning in the dusk to their homes, when suddenly Pang called out: "Look! Look there! There are strange men in our streets!"

Elder Hung sprang forward. "Bandits!" he exclaimed. "I see their guns."

"They will murder us all if we go home," cried the frightened women.

"Hush!" ordered the men. "They will hear us."

"We have no guns," said Li. "We are un-

armed. There is nothing we can do to save our goods."

The women and children began to cry softly.

"They will leave us not a cash," sobbed Lin's mother.

But while the company talked in frightened whispers as to what was best to do, Lin slipped away unnoticed. Behind the temple, in between the houses, over to the schoolhouse he crept. For what object more precious than the new tree did the whole town possess? Some way he must save it. Easily and gently could he pull it up. No bandit was in sight. Like a little shadow Lin slipped over the mud wall which surrounded the mound.

Out of one of the houses staggered the bandit leader, a quilt full of plunder over his shoulders.

"What in the name of all the demons is this?" he cried.

Shaking like the leaves of the little tree itself, Lin rose from the earth. "Oh, please, honorable bandit, do not take our tree!" he pleaded. "Here is my coat. It is new and very good!" With trembling fingers he tried

to unfasten it. "But don't, don't touch our tree!"

The bandit stood still in bewilderment and then he broke into a roar of laughter. "Look here, Lo!" he cried to one of his band. "Look at this great and honorable tree as high as my hand! It will make an excellent target." And dropping his bundle, he raised his gun. "I can shave it off as neatly as one could cut it with a knife."

He pulled the trigger, but at the same time, with a desperate cry, the boy on the mound flung out his arms.

The sound of the gun rang out harshly, and slowly the little figure crumpled up. There was an answering scream from the women.

"A plague on the child!" muttered the bandit. "But we must get out of this or we shall have the whole village returning to trouble us. I was foolish to shoot." And quickly the bandits, shouldering their plunder, made off for the mountains.

Sobbing, Lin's mother lifted him. "Is the tree safe, Mother?" he asked faintly.

All the spring Lin lay on his *kang*, tossing

with fever. And then, through the long summer days, he crept to the door and looked out at the little tree which he had saved, as it fluttered its leaves in the wind. Stronger and stronger it grew. Little arm-like branches appeared and the leaves became large and green.

The clear cool days of the fall came. And then Lin noticed a sudden change in the tree. The points of the leaves were turning crimson. Was it dying? It might drop its leaves in the fall, but why should they turn red first? Perhaps they had not cared for the tree properly. Daily he fretted, until once more he lay on his *kang*, while, to the wonder of all the villages in the vicinity, the little tree became a blaze of crimson. People began to whisper that, if the tree died, Lin would die.

Anxiously Lin's father talked to the schoolteacher. "Once more I go to the city in my boat," he said, "and I would hunt up that foreign teacher and ask her about this strange tree, but I know not what to say."

"I will write her a letter," announced Mr. Meng. "Otherwise the boy will die."

With a puzzled frown Miss Ellis stared out of the window of the schoolroom, in her hand the letter the Chinese boatman had brought. Yes, she remembered the strange boy who had asked timidly if there were seeds for him, when she gave out the little envelops to the other boys and girls. He came from that town with the queer name—the Village of the Crimson Fish.

She glanced back at the letter,—but it was headed "The Village of the Crimson *Tree*." Her eye traveled to the end:

"With all the ceremony that we knew," she read, "we planted the tree. But now it is completely crimson. If, O honorable teacher, the tree is sick, will you tell us how to cure it? For assuredly the boy will die if the tree dies, —and he tried to save the little tree by facing the bullet of a bandit."

"Let me see," she mused. "Dr. Harriet can be ready in an hour to go with this boatman. She'll have that splendid little Arbor Day boy fixed up in no time. Possibly a bullet may be doing mischief somewhere now in his body. He certainly was plucky and I'd like to see little Li Lin again. And," she hesitated, "I

can run away, too, for a day or so. Besides, I want a photograph of the maple tree which grew from his seed to send home to Donald Adair. I wonder if *he* would face a bandit to save a tree? And no wonder that they have changed the name of the place from "The Village of the Crimson Fish" to "The Village of the Crimson Tree."

VIII

AS ONE BIG FAMILY

It was a winter afternoon in the outdoor gymnasium of the Preparatory School of a big Chinese Christian University. The Junior basket-ball team and their scrub team stood in confusion on the floor.

"You go back there where the ball crossed the line!" ordered Chen, the captain of the regular team.

"I *am* back!" replied Wei-ping angrily. "Liu, didn't the ball cross here?" he appealed to the guard of the Junior team opposite him.

"I think so," answered Liu sulkily.

"Of course you wouldn't say I was right," retorted Wei-ping. "You're from the 'South' of course," he added scornfully.

Ling, Wei-ping's goal thrower, came to his aid. "You people are always finding fault," he said to Chen's team.

"I notice we play a better game anyway," replied Chen, coldly.

"Huh," answered Wei-ping, "you know Mr.

Ting might have chosen me for your team if I had cared to play under your leadership. But *I* prefer the scrub team."

"Because you knew you could be captain there," laughed the Junior Center, as the teams separated for the dressing room.

Out on the campus Te-Jen and Shan met their old comrade, Wei-ping, as he came out of the gymnasium, for at last these three boys were finishing their preparation for the great University at the Preparatory School of the University itself, Te-Jen to enter its School of Forestry, Wei-ping and Shan, the School of Agriculture. And here, entering with them, were Chen, Ho, and Weh from Fu-kien,—Chen preparing to enter the Medical School of the Rockefeller Foundation, just as he had promised Dr. Leonard five years before, Ho entering for the course in Agriculture, and Weh for a general course.

"Hello, you fellows," Wei-ping exclaimed, stopping them. "Say, look here. We didn't come here to be insulted by those boys from the South. I can't stand that fellow Chen."

"Why," stammered Te-Jen, "I thought he was all right; he's captain of our class basket-



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"INTO THE BASKET WENT THE BALL"

ball team, and he passed the highest on entrance, you remember. We ought to be proud of him."

"Humph! Who are 'we'?" sneered Wei-ping. "I wish you had heard him this afternoon, and that fellow Liu backed him up. I'll tell you what; most of the boys on our regular team are South, and if they are going to hang together in that way, I say we ought to have a society of our own for the Northern fellows. Come on over to the dormitory and let's talk it over."

"Mr. Davis might not like it," objected conscientious Shan as they walked away.

"Nobody need know anything about it," declared Wei-ping, "and what harm is it? We can just have a good time by ourselves and let those Southern fellows alone."

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do any harm," admitted Te-Jen, slowly. So the "Society of Northern Chinese" was formed with Wei-ping as president.

"Hello, Wei-ping," called Liu Chen one morning as they were crossing the campus. "What is that little red ribbon on your jacket?"

"A secret," answered Wei-ping, shortly.

And then Liu began to notice bits of red ribbon on the coats of other Juniors.

"Hey, Chen," he questioned after class, "what are all the red ribbons for; have you heard?"

Chen frowned down at his bundle of books. "Wei-ping," he said, "has started a society for Northern boys. You can't belong unless you're North, and he has had the face to choose red for their color, when everybody knows that is our color. I guess we from the South are *real* Chinese."

"What is the trouble?" asked Ho and Weh, coming up.

"Wei-ping began the trouble," replied Chen, and told them what he had heard.

"All right," declared Weh, "we can have our society also. And we'll have red, too, because that's the color of the pure Chinese, and we haven't any Manchus mixed up with us. We'll just wear wider ribbons."

And then things began to happen. One noon the big dish of fish never reached the "Big Reds," as their classmates called them. The "Little Reds" somehow got it all. An-

other time the "Little Reds" could not open the door of the room where they had held their meeting, and lost face by having to climb out of the window in a very undignified way, while somebody somewhere led a chorus of laughter.

"Foul!" called Mr. Ting, at a basket-ball practice between the regular Junior team and the scrub. "What is the matter with you boys!" he exclaimed with disgust. "One would think you were playing some foreign team. I should hope if you were, however, you would be more sportsmanlike. You are both Junior teams, and you have been fighting like wild tribesmen. What is the matter?" he asked. But no one had a word to say.

"If you can't do better team-work, Chen, you'll never beat the Seniors next week," he continued. "They know how to work together. You have been a disgrace to the Preparatory School to-day," and with that Mr. Ting dismissed them.

After that Chen worked hard, but try as he might, his team could not equal the "passing" done by the Seniors. In a try-out, the last before the mid-winter game, whenever the ball

got into the hands of one of the Seniors, down the field it went with a quickness and precision that no skilful interfering could possibly stop, until it landed in the basket.

In desperation Chen called his team together. "I can throw goals as well as their man," he said; "perhaps better; but we can't equal their passing."

"We've got to think up some trick," announced Weh. "I don't mean any foul, of course, but something to break their teamwork." And all the boys sat down gloomily on a pile of gymnasium mats.

"I have it!" exclaimed Chen; and suddenly jumping up, he whispered something to them and then every last one of them raced back to the field for a tryout of the new plan.

The momentous day of the Inter-class Meet of the Preparatory School arrived at last. Not only were all the pupils of the Preparatory School to be present, but a place was reserved for a visiting basket-ball team, with their teacher, from the girls' Preparatory School of Glorious Virtue. Never had such a thing occurred before. But most wonderful



Courtesy, World Outlook.

"COME ON, LET'S PARADE"

of all, six university men who had won medals in intercollegiate and international meets would be present. Never had the hearts of Chinese Preps beat with so much excitement and with so many high hopes. Every Senior recited rather vaguely, his mind on the game of the afternoon, and all the new Juniors began to wonder what all the excitement was about. At any rate, most of them decided to go and see; so there was a grand rush for the field as soon as dismissal came.

Gay were the bleachers, with the school and university banners of old gold and maroon mingled with the national flags.

"If there isn't Precious Flower, the girl who used to study at Two Stones. Don't you remember, Te-Jen?" exclaimed Shan, as the two boys seated themselves in the Junior section. "I wonder what *girls* can do at a game like this!"

"That is a very pretty girl with her," answered Te-Jen, "and she is looking right at us. I'm very glad my parents did not betroth me in my childhood. I shall pick out a wife for myself," he added grandly.

Next to Te-Jen and Shan, Ho nudged a

friend. "If there isn't Mai-ling with that girl they call Precious Flower," he whispered. "I knew Mai-ling had come to the Glorious Virtue School, but I didn't know she was on the team! I wonder what Chen and Weh will say when they find out," he chuckled.

The guests of honor from the university filed in and took their seats. The boys applauded. It was time for the game to begin, but no team appeared. Even placid Chinese boys became impatient. What was the matter?

Meanwhile, in a little classroom where the scrub team was assembled, stood a pale-faced Chen, facing them, his back against the door.

"It's a question of whether we back out of the game now, when every one is here, the honor men and all"—his voice choked in spite of himself. "If we do, our class must forever lose face, or one of you must take Liu's place. He's twisted his ankle so badly he can't step on his foot." Chen waited. His pride kept him from looking at Wei-ping,—Wei-ping, who was the best player on the scrub team.

Slowly Wei-ping stepped forward. "I'll

come if you want me," he said. "We're supposed to play when we're needed."

Chen drew a long breath of relief. "Thank you," he said. "It's for the class, you know. We have only a minute. Come in with the team, and I'll post you on our trick."

At last the two teams, with their mascots, trotted on to the field and paraded. Mr. Ting's whistle blew and the game began.

This way and that the ball flew. Then the Senior team secured it, and down it passed on its invincible way to the goal. But the goal-thrower fumbled, and again the Juniors had possession. Inch by inch they fought, till finally the ball touched Chen's hands, when he turned and coolly dropped it into the basket. A mighty yell arose from the Juniors on the bleachers; they were beginning to feel they were a class.

But success flushed the Juniors. They lost their heads. Weh almost fouled once in his excitement, and when time was called, the score stood 2–1 in favor of the Seniors.

"We can't try our trick too often," whispered Chen. "Remember, it is to be saved for the pinch."

Once more the whistle blew, and Mr. Ting tossed up the ball. Wei-ping, with a mighty jump, sent it speeding toward the Junior goal, but deftly it was caught by a Senior and hurried madly toward the Senior goal by their wonderful passing, only to have the goal thrower again fail.

Again, inch by inch, the Juniors fought the ball back, until at last Chen scored. Juniors and Seniors were even, and the time nearly up. Both teams were excited. Each felt that the next goal must be made by their side. There would be no time for a second.

Desperately the Juniors interfered and succeeded at last in breaking the Seniors' team play. Back they fought the ball till it came to Wei-ping, Center. The Senior Center was covering him perfectly, and behind him stood the other Seniors ready, alert. Could Wei-ping possibly get the ball to Chen? Their eyes met. Now was the time. All depended on what Wei-ping did. He could get even now and Chen knew it! Supposing the class were defeated? What did it matter? Many of the boys in the class Wei-ping did not know; they were from several different provinces.

What did Wei-ping care for them or they for Wei-ping? And Chen would know that he had gotten even! Straight into Chen's eyes Wei-ping looked, but he did not see them. He seemed to see Mr. Dike shaking hands good-by and saying encouragingly, "I shall be proud of you boys—Wei-ping, Te-Jen, and Shan—at the University. You have learned to make your own decisions between right and wrong. You will play the game."

What game? Wei-ping had been puzzled then.

"Play!" called Mr. Ting, sharply.

The Senior guarding Wei-ping leaped for the ball but, with a feint and a twist, Wei-ping had sent it straight into the waiting hands of a Junior *back* of him! Forward again, over the heads of the players it whirled, the Seniors too astonished to lift a finger, into the waiting hands of the Junior Guard, over to Chen, and before any one could realize what had really happened, into the basket went the ball just as the whistle blew.

There was a wild clapping of hands, while the Junior team surrounded the Senior team and cheered them. The visiting girls' team

rose in their seats and waved their banners. Mai-ling's eyes sparkled with pride as she gazed at Weh and Chen, but Wei-ping thought he caught a glance also. Then Mr. Wong, the champion of the University, who in honor of the Preparatory School meet wore on his breast the medals he had won in contests with other Chinese universities, as well as in American, Filipino, and Japanese universities, passed outside the protecting net and stood in front of the teams. There was instant silence.

"Boys," he said, "when on the cinder-path I won these medals," pointing to his breast, "in contests with other nations, my classmates on my return presented me with this Chinese flag which they thought I had helped to honor by my sportsmanship."

Quickly he unfurled a beautiful silk Chinese flag with its five bars. "Now I am about to leave our beloved and highly honored Christian University, and to the team which has won so fairly and well against a class which played with equal honor, I present this flag. Honor it always with fair play and loyalty, and when you too leave to serve China in your life work, pass it on to another preparatory

class, that its inspiration may help to keep their record fair also."

Chen stepped forward and took the flag, bowing deeply. "We will try to guard it worthily," was all he could say.

Outside the bleachers, the new Juniors crowded about their team. Proudly Chen held the flag aloft, drawing Wei-ping's arm through his as he did so, while the class cheered them both. Quickly, with his free hand, Wei-ping tore from his coat a bit of narrow red ribbon. "There is no North," he shouted. "Chinese are we all!"

"Nor is there Fu-kien," replied Chen, snatching off his ribbon, too. "Down with all Reds! Up with the flag!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys, and the air was suddenly full of bits of red floating everywhere.

"Come on, let's parade," some one yelled.

"Let's get the Seniors," some one added. "The flag belongs to them too!"
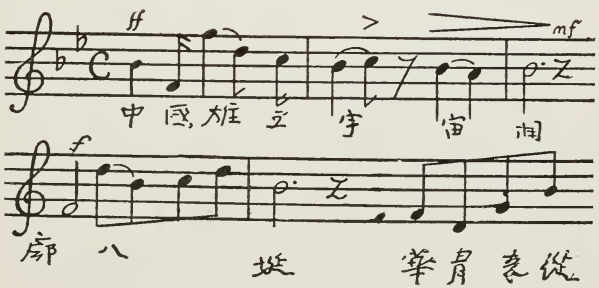
Out over the campus the boys poured, making for the university center, the flag leading, the teams following, and all four classes joining in the procession, all singing the
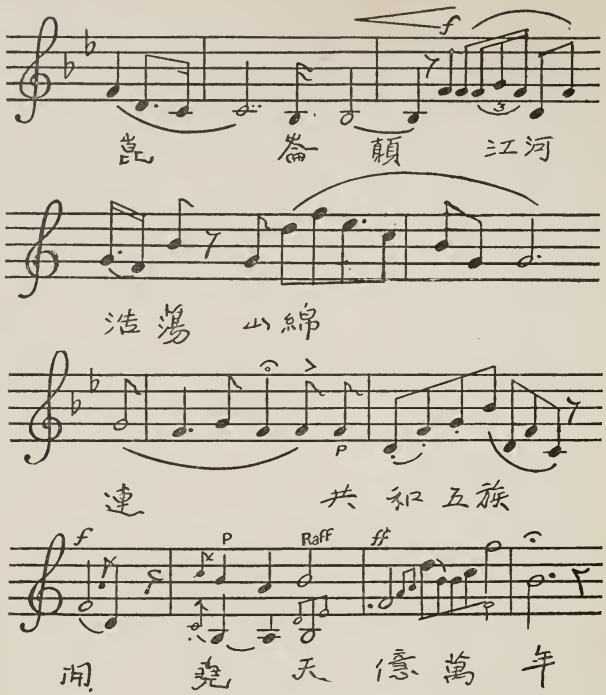
college song. Grave university men stopped to watch and listen. Men crowded around the players and added their voices to the chorus. A brown Filipino student suddenly drew from his pocket a little American flag and waved it. That was the signal for the fluttering of other little American flags. A fat little Hawaiian darted away, but soon returned with a large flag, glorious with the Stars and Stripes. The boys greeted it with a cheer, for had not that flag helped to give them their University?

Closely, the American flags enircled the silken banner, while all the boys joined in singing one of China's new anthems:

Chinese National Anthem

Adopted under the administration of the late President Yuan Shi Kai





TRANSLATION

Stand, China! Stand heroically in the Universe! Thy glory extends to the eight corners of the earth. Great are Thy children from their ancient home of Kwun-lun.[1] Magnificent are the waters and mountains! Gathered together under thy bosom are the five races. Now Democracy for all. Reinstate the ancient glory of Yao.[2] Forever and ever!

[1] Kwun-lun Mountain.

[2] The ancient ruler of China, who chose a common farmer to succeed himself because the latter was a good man.

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